This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

F
616
A6

STANFORD UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY

SPIRIT LAKE NUMBER.

THIRD SERIES. VOL. III. NO. 7.

5 192

OCTOBER, 1898.

ANNALS OF IOWA.

A HISTORICAL QUARTERLY.

PUBLISHED BY THE

HISTORICAL DEPARTMENT OF IOWA.

PRICE $1.00 PER YEAR. SINGLE NUMBER 25 CENTS.

DES MOINES, IOWA.

ANNALS OF IOWA.

CONTENTS FOR OCTOBER, 1898.

Miscellaneous.

Ex-Gov. Cyrus C. Carpenter (Portrait) Frontispiece .
The Spirit Lake Expedition 481
Address by Ex-Gov. CARPENTER 481
Address by Capt. JOHN F. DUNCOMBE (Portrait) . 491
Address by Capt. CHARLES B. RICHARDS (Portrait) 508
Address by Lieut. JOHN N. MAXWELL (Portrait) . 525
Address by Lieut. FRANK R. MASON (Portrait) . . 532
Address by Private MICHAEL SWEENEY 537
Address by Private WM. K. LAUGHLIN (Portrait) . 541
A Paper by CHARLES ALDRICH (Portrait) 546
Letter by MRS. SARAH W. COLLINS 549
Letter by MRS. ABBIE GARDNER SHARP (Portrait) . 550
Letter by Sergt. HARRY HOOVER 551
Report of Okoboji and Spirit Lake Monument Commission (Illustration) 552
Des Moines River, and Origin of the Name (Three Illustrations) 544
CHARLES R. KEYES, PH. D.
Letters of Gen. Henry Dodge to Gen. Geo. W. Jones 560
DR. WILLIAM SALTER.

Editorial Department.

The Spirit Lake Expedition 565
Autographs of Julien Dubuque 567
Origin and Signification of the Word Des Moines . . 568
The Historical Building 569
Unpublished Letter by Gov. James Clarke 570
A Word to Some Friends 571
Notable Deaths 572

PLAIN TALK PRINTING HOUSE, DES MOINES.

Yours Very truly
Cyrus C. Carpenter

GOV. CYRUS C. CARPENTER.

This engraving was copied from a photograph of Mr. Carpenter some years before his election as Governor, and near the time he served as a private in the Spirit Lake Expedition.

ANNALS OF IOWA.

VOL. III, No. 7. DES MOINES, IA., OCTOBER, 1898. 3D SERIES.

THE SPIRIT LAKE EXPEDITION.

In the summer of 1887, thirty years after the events transpired, the idea was agitated at Webster City of placing in the Hamilton County Court House a brass tablet in memory of Co. C, of the Spirit Lake Expedition. Petitions were circulated praying for the appropriation by the Board of Supervisors of $300 for this purpose. Nearly all to whom they were presented signed them. The names included most of the bankers, merchants and other leading men, with such representative farmers as happened to come into town while the petition was in circulation. The petition was granted at once upon its presentation, largely through the hearty good will of the chairman of the board, the late Hon. Charles T. Fenton. A committee was chosen to procure the tablet and otherwise carry into effect the prayer of the petitioners. August 12 was fixed as the date for unveiling the tablet. Gov. William Larrabee kindly consented to be present and occupy the chair. Seven participants in the Expedition accepted invitations to narrate their recollections of the weary march and its attendant circumstances. These persons were Capt. John F. Duncombe, Capt. Charles B. Richards, Lieut. John N. Maxwell, Lieut. Frank R. Mason, and privates Cyrus C. Carpenter, W. K. Laughlin and Michael Sweeney. When the great concourse of people assembled at the Court House it was found that it would not hold half of the 2,000 present. An out door meeting was therefore organized on the east front of the edifice, where a part of the speeches were delivered. These speeches had quite a run in the daily and weekly press at that time, but it is believed that they possess much historical value and should be gathered into these pages in order to insure their permanent preservation. They present the best possible history of the Expedition.

Ex-Gov. Cyrus C. Carpenter, whose remarks were revised by himself, spoke as follows to the people out-of-doors.

THE ADDRESS OF EX-GOVERNOR CARPENTER.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: Others will give in detail the organization, the marches, and the disbandment of the Spirit Lake Expedition of 1857. I shall confine myself to a few reminiscences of the campaign, and to a personal mention of some of the conspicuous characters in the command. Previous to any knowledge of the massacre at Spirit Lake, I had gone with Mr. Angus McBane on some business to Al-

gona, in Kossuth county, from which place we walked across the prairie to Medium Lake in Palo Alto county, near which was a temporary settlement known as "The Irish Colony." This settlement consisted of some fifteen or twenty families who had made preemptions in different localities along the Des Moines river in Palo Alto county, but had built rude cabins in a grove near Medium Lake, and about a mile from the present location of Emmetsburg, where they had wintered, with the purpose of entering upon their claims in the early spring. Mr. McBane was the owner of some land in the county, and had proposed to employ me to do a small job of surveying for him. Upon our arrival, however, we found the snow so deep that nothing could be done in the way of finding corners or running lines. So, after I had sufficiently recovered from a snow-blindness, brought on by walking over the vast fields of glistening snow between Algona and Medium Lake, to travel, we started for home. When about twelve miles south of the Irish colony we met the advance of the Expedition, and then for the first time learned the story of the terrible massacre at Spirit Lake. We were invited to join the Expedition, but as neither of us had a gun, we suggested that we would be more ornamental than useful. This objection, however, was obviated when we were told that four or five of the boys had given out and returned, leaving their guns for recruits that might be picked up along the route. So we enlisted. We were assigned to Capt. Richards' Company (A), shouldered our arms, faced about, and began the march with our comrades for Spirit Lake.

During the remainder of the day we toiled along the road back to the Irish colony. In doing so we marched over a route along which no team had been able to pass for weeks. Every foot of the way was covered with snow, and in places, where there was a depression in the surface of the prairie, or an elevation like a bluff or knoll, were drifts which seemed absolutely fathomless. At such points we would resort to various expedients to get the team and the few horses in the command across the drifts. Sometimes all the men in the command would form in two files, about the distance apart

of two wagon tracks, and would march and countermarch back and forth over the snow, until paths were trodden sufficiently hard to bear up the team and horses. Again we would shovel a channel where the drift was so shallow and short as to render this expedient practicable; and then at other times we would hitch our long rope to the wagon and by sheer force of muscle and numbers pull it through the drift, and throwing the animals upon their sides, pull them, one by one, across the drifts; and each day's march, until after we had crossed Cylinder Creek upon our return, was but a constant repetition of these expedients.

Our first night with the command was spent in camp near Medium Lake. The next morning we ate our scanty meal, struck camp, and were on the march shortly after sunrise, toiling through the snows which were growing deeper as we went northward. We found ourselves at night in camp near Mud Lakes. Here was an opportunity for the officers to show their interest in their commands and their good judgment in a most commendable manner. Many of the men were so exhausted that on coming into camp they threw themselves upon their blankets and were determined to sleep without a mouthful of food; and the picture is before me until this day, of Capt. Charles B. Richards and Lieutenant F. A. Stratton, of our company, with two or three of the men, cutting wood, punching the fire, and baking pancakes, until long after midnight; and as they would get enough baked for a meal they would waken some tired and hungry man and give him his supper: and the exercises in Company A were but a sample of what was in progress in each of the companies.

The next morning we resumed our march. When volunteers were called for to go forward as an advance guard, I was among the number who volunteered. The scouting party consisted of some dozen or fifteen men. I only remember distinctly five of the number, viz.: John N. Maxwell, William K. Laughlin, Wm. Defore, a young man from Boone county, Albert H. Johnson of Webster county, and myself. I was young, of slender physique, but as wiry, vigorous and persistent as most men. I never had seen a day so cold or

so warm as to prevent me from undertaking any duty that lay in my pathway. But I shall never forget a sort of discouragement that crept over me, after we had started that morning, at seeing the ease and celerity with which Lieut. Maxwell, who commanded the squad, and Wm. K. Laughlin, with their long legs and wiry frames, pulled through the snow and across the snow-drifts; and how, to keep up with them, tried my every muscle.

A little after noon one of the party on ascending an elevation in the prairie, and looking off to the northwest, turned to those somewhat in the rear and exclaimed: "Indians!" In a moment the squad had assembled upon the elevation. Each man had an opinion as to what the moving objects were that could be seen in the distance. It was finally agreed that there was but one way to determine the question, and that was, to go forward. So forward we went. But I remember we marched closer together, talked less, and in lower tones than before. I remember, too, that by a natural impulse we followed the ridges, keeping on the high ground, so as not to lose sight of the approaching party more than a few minutes at a time. Finally we saw that they had stopped. They had evidently discovered us. Going a short distance further, some one said: "I see an ox-team and sled." Others looked and saw the oxen, and the question was settled that they were not Indians. As we approached them, we found they had surrounded the sled in an attitude of defence, as they had supposed we were Indians, and had resolved, if overpowered, never to fall into the hands of the savages alive. On the discovery, however, that we were friends, their fears turned into joy. In the party were Mrs. William L. Church and a sister (Miss Drusilla Swanger), whom I had met in Hamilton county. The sister, a young girl, had been wounded in the attack upon Springfield, Minnesota. One of the men, Mr. Thomas (father of Frank Thomas, of Marshalltown, who was a gallant soldier in the civil war, and died a few years ago while temporarily stopping in Washington, D. C.), had lost an arm, and another, a Mr. Carver, had been severely wounded. If the Expedition had accomplished

nothing more, every man would have felt himself repaid for his share in its toil and suffering by the relief it was able to afford these suffering refugees. In the haste of their departure from Springfield, they had taken but little provision and scanty clothing. The women, in wading through the drifted snow, had worn out their shoes, their gowns were worn to fringes at the bottom; and all in all, a more forlorn and needy company of men and women were never succored by the hands of friends. They cried and laughed, and laughed and cried, alternately. A part of our squad then returned to the main command with the information of our discovery, and the residue conducted the worn and weary party to the nearest grove on the Des Moines river, where the main body joined them later in the afternoon, and where we spent the night. The next morning we divided our scanty rations and blankets with them, and they went forward toward safety and friends, whilst we pushed towards the scene of the massacre.

That night we arrived at Granger's Grove, a short distance above the present site of Estherville, where we learned that Capt. Bee (subsequently killed in the rebel army at the first battle of Bull Run), then in command of the United States troops at Fort Ridgely, Minnesota, had been with his command at Spirit Lake, and finding the Indians had fled from the scene of their depredations, had returned to Fort Ridgely. Knowing that we could be of no further service, except to bury the dead at Spirit Lake, and as our supplies were nearly exhausted, it was determined that most of the men composing the command should turn over everything in the way of food, except barely enough to last to the nearest settlement, to a detachment, which was to go forward and bury the dead, and that the main body should return as best they could, to Fort Dodge. The trials and fate of the detachment which went to Spirit Lake will be told by others.

The third day after commencing our return march, we left Medium Lake, in a hazy, cloudy atmosphere, and in a drizzling rain. By the time we reached Cylinder Creek, between the descending rain overhead, and the melting snow beneath our feet, the prairies were a flood of water. On ar-

riving at Cylinder Creek we found the channel not only full, but the water covering the entire bottom bordering the creek to a depth of from three to four feet. When we found that it would be impossible to cross at the point where the road intersected the creek, we resolved to send a party up the stream to see if a better crossing could not be found. But in less time than I have occupied in telling this story the wind began to blow from the north, the rain turned into snow, and as every thread of clothing in the entire command was saturated with water, our clothing began to freeze upon our limbs. I had still not given up the hope of either crossing the stream, or finding a more comfortable place to camp, to await the result of the now freezing and blinding storm. So, with one or two others, I followed down the creek a mile or more, until we came to the bluffs overlooking the bottoms bordering the Des Moines river. I had hoped that we might discover some elevated ridge through the bottom, over which we could pass and reach the timber that fringed the river. But on reaching the bluffs and looking out over the bottom lands, which fell back from the river from one to two miles on either side, to their base, it was one wide waste of water. So we concluded our only hope was to remain right where we were until the storm abated.

On getting back to the road we found our comrades improvising a cover, by taking the wagon-sheet and one or two tents which we had along, and stretching them over the wagon-wheels and staking them down as best they could to the frozen ground, leaving a small opening on the south side for a doorway. This done, we moved the animals to the south side of our tent, on ground sloping to the south, in order to afford them all the protection possible. Then we put all our blankets together, made a common bed upon the ground, and all crawled into it without removing our clothes, every thread of which was wet, and most of which were frozen as stiff as boards. There we lay through that long Saturday night, and all the succeeding Sunday, and the following Sunday night. The air outside was full of fine snow. At different times during the night three or four of us crept out of

our nests and went around our tent, banking it with snow on the north, east and west sides. And when the fierce winds would blow the banking away so as to open a new air-hole, we would repeat the operation. To add to the horrors of the situation during this more than thirty-six hours of absolute imprisonment, we were without food.

By daylight, on Monday morning, we were on the move; and to our joy found the ice, which had formed over Cylinder Creek the day before, would bear us up. The severity of the weather cannot be better attested than by stating the fact that all the men, our wagon, loaded with the little baggage of the camp, and the few horses belonging to the command, were crossed upon this bridge of ice with perfect ease and safety. Since that experience upon Cylinder Creek, I have marched with armies engaged in actual war. During three and a half years' service, the army with which I was connected, marched from Cairo to Chattanooga, from Chattanooga to Atlanta, from Atlanta to the Sea, and from the Sea through the Carolinas to Richmond. These campaigns were made under southern suns and in the cold rains and not infrequent snow storms of southern winters. The marches were sometimes continued without intermission three or four days and nights in succession, with only an occasional halt to give the weary, foot-sore soldier a chance to boil a cup of coffee. But I never in those weary years experienced a conflict with the elements that could be compared with the two nights and one day on Cylinder Creek.

After crossing the creek on Monday morning, we went to the Shippey house, some two miles south, where we cooked our breakfast. From this time forward no order of march was observed, but each man found his way home to suit himself. I followed down the river, in company with several comrades, to McKnight's Point, where we got our dinner. After dinner Lieut. Stratton, Smith E. Stevens, and myself, determined we would go on to Dakota, in Humboldt county, that afternoon and evening, and accordingly we started. We had gone but a short distance when Geo. W. Brizee came on after us. We tried as delicately as possible to dissuade him

from attempting to go further that evening, but go he would, and so we pushed on. Night found us on the wide prairie some eight or ten miles southeast of McKnight's Point, and at least eight miles from Dakota.

It became very dark, so that it was difficult to follow the track. Soon Brizee began to complain, declaring he could go no further and would have to take his chances on the prairie. As I had been over the road several times, Stratton and Stevens suggested that they would depend upon me to guide them through; so I kept ahead, looking and feeling out the path. I could hear them encouraging Brizee, while he persistently declared his inability to go a step further. Stevens finally took his blanket and carried it for him, and soon after Stratton was carrying his gun. I now told them that Henry Cramer and Judge Hutchison (subsequently Major Hutchison of the 32d Iowa Infantry) lived about a mile south of our road, and some three miles west of Dakota, and that we would go in there and spend the night. Brizee thought he could pull through that far. At last I thought we had arrived at a point nearly opposite Cramer's, and we left the road and struck across the prairie. We had scarcely started before Brizee began to aver that we were lost; that I, like a fool, was leading them a wild-goose chase, and that we would all have to lie on the prairie. I kept on, however, fixing my course as well as possible, and shouting back to "come on, that we were all right." Finally we were greeted by the barking of a dog, and in a few moments were in Mr. Cramer's house. Then it was Brizee's turn to rejoice. After poor Cramer and his wife had gotten out of bed and made us a bunk on the floor, and Cramer had pulled off Brizee's boots, Brizee began to repeat in various forms the adventures of the evening, emphasizing the persistency and pluck it had required in us to pull through; and the hearty manner in which he commended my skill as a guide, over a trackless prairie, was hardly consistent with his upbraiding whilst we were plodding along in the darkness. The next morning Mrs. Cramer prepared the best breakfast I ever ate. My "mouth waters" today in memory of the biscuits which were

piled up on that breakfast table. I have often thought since that there could have been little left in the house for the family dinner. That evening found us in Fort Dodge, and our connection with the Expedition had ended.

I have frequently thought in later years of the good discipline preserved in a command where there was absolutely no legal power to enforce authority. This fact is really the highest compliment that could be paid the officers. Had they not possessed the characteristics which gained and maintained the respect of these men, no shadow of discipline could have been enforced. On the contrary, during those trying days, on the march and in the bivouac, there was complete order. Of the three captains, two are living—Messrs. C. B. Richards and John F. Duncombe. Their subsequent careers in civil life have been but a fulfillment of the prophecy of the men who followed them through the snow-banks of northwestern Iowa in 1857. With Capt. J. C. Johnson I was but little acquainted, but I watched him with interest and with admiration during the few days of our march. He was a man of fine physique, was deliberate, quiet almost to reticence, with a handsome face and manly eye. In short, from what I saw of him, I may say, that the marble and brass, which we have come here today to unveil in commemoration of him and his company's virtues and heroism, are not of a more solid and enduring character than were the noble and generous traits of his nature. His cruel death, and that of his no less noble and promising comrade, Wm. E. Burkholder, was the one circumstance which veiled the results of the Expedition in a lasting sorrow.

The First Lieutenant of Company A, Franklin A. Stratton, was perhaps more fully endowed with all the qualities which constitute a soldier than any other man of the company, or perhaps of the command. He was quiet, prompt, uncomplaining, methodical, and in the line of his duty, exacting. Remembering my comradeship with him on the Spirit Lake Expedition, when he went into the war of the rebellion, I prophesied for him a successful career. He rose

to be the Colonel of his regiment, and died a few years ago a Captain in the regular army.

But time fails me to name all who deserve honorable mention. I cannot close, however, without paying a few words of tribute to Maj. William Williams, who commanded the Expedition. Having been the sutler of the batallion of regulars which was stationed at Fort Dodge, he knew something of the movement and sustenance of troops. He had the ability to make that knowledge available, and on the Expedition illustrated his competency to command. There was a quiet, confident air in his deportment that commanded respect; and he moved those undisciplined men as quietly and as orderly as would have been possible by an experienced soldier. I have never thought that full justice had been done to the man who led this Expedition, and who in many ways proved his interest and faith in the pioneers of northwestern Iowa. So I have turned aside, here and now, to say a tardy word in recognition of his many noble qualities. He was born in Westmoreland county, Pa., December 5, 1796, and died at Fort Dodge, February 26, 1874, and at the date of these events was in the sixty-second year of his age. He was reared a banker, and for years was cashier of the branch of the Exchange Bank of Pittsburg, located at Hollidaysburg. But he had been an open-handed, generous giver; had no innate love of gain; so he lost money instead of making accumulations, and sought the great west to rebuild his broken fortunes. Now he was a man well advanced in years, but true to his impulses, where there was a blow to be struck to protect the weak, he found his place at the front. Though small of stature and not physically strong, during this entire campaign he was seldom seen on horseback. It was not easy for younger men to complain of the hardships of the march, when, day by day, they saw him resolutely pushing forward. I met him, and talked with him many times during the campaign, frequently advised him to favor himself, but he always answered with a twinkle in his eye, that he had none of the infirmities of age! The action of Hamilton county in thus inscribing his name upon an enduring tablet

John F. Duncombe

JOHN F. DUNCOMBE, CAPTAIN CO. B.

is a silent protest against the neglect and oversight of his own county, and of the town which was the idol of his affection. Emerson has said that "They who forget the battles of their country will have to fight them over again." So they who forget the unselfish deeds of their countrymen will themselves be unworthy of a place in history. Next to the hero is the man who can appreciate a hero. All honor, then, to the citizens of a county that in these "piping times of peace," can pause for a day and step out of the busy channel of commerce to gather up some of the names of a generation of self-sacrificing pioneers into history's golden urn.

MR. DUNCOMBE'S ADDRESS.

Hon. John F. Duncombe,* of Fort Dodge, Captain of Co. B, read a paper at this gathering, but re-wrote and read it at the meeting of the Pioneer Law Makers' Association of Iowa at Des Moines, in February, 1898. The language is somewhat different, but he goes over the same ground and sets forth substantially the same facts as in his first paper.

I have been requested to write my recollections of the relief expedition under Major Williams, better known as "The Spirit Lake Expedition of 1857," to be read at your meeting today.

To do this with the care and attention it deserves requires more time than I am able to devote to that important event in the history of Iowa.

I suppose the request is made of me as the only officer of that expedition above a lieutenant, now remaining in this State.

I will give some of my recollections of the event which occurred at the time when the cruel, treacherous Sioux came

*John F. Duncombe was born in Erie county, Pennsylvania, October 22, 1831, and was educated at Allegheny College, Meadville, in that State. He settled in Fort Dodge, Iowa, in 1855, and was the pioneer lawyer of that town. He was for a time editor of *The Fort Dodge Sentinel*, the first journal established in that county. He raised and commanded Co. B in the Spirit Lake Expedition. He has served six sessions in the State Legislature, as representative and senator, and for eighteen years was one of the regents of the State University. Aside from his continuous work as a lawyer he has been a large operator in coal and gypsum. He has made several voyages to Europe. Mr. Duncombe is still (1898) a resident of Fort Dodge.

down from their wild northern homes in Minnesota and Dakota into our beautiful land to harass, insult and murder our peaceable citizens.

This hostile Indian raid originated, as I fully believe, in a desire for revenge on the part of Inkpadutah, the leader of this renegade band of Sioux, and his followers, for murders committed a few years before by a white man named Lot, at a point near the line of Humboldt and Kossuth counties, at the mouth of what is now called Lot's creek.

The Indians came down the Little Sioux river to a place where there were quite a number of settlers, where the prosperous village of Smithland is now located, and there these settlers refused to permit the Indians to go further, and turned them back up the river.

As the Indians came down the river no depredations were committed upon the few scattering settlers. But on their return a change was very soon observed in the savage sullenness of the band. Their insolence and bad temper broke out finally in acts of waste, violence and cruelty.

The settlers were insulted, their provisions taken, their stock shot down, their children abused and their women outraged. This was continued until the band of renegades, half-breeds, robbers and murderers left the head waters of the Little Sioux and arrived at the southerly part of West Okoboji. At this point the cruelty of these savages increased, ending in the utter annihilation of all the settlers at the time on the borders of these lakes, except three men absent at the time from the settlement, and four captive women. Only one of these women now survives, (unless Mrs. Marble is still living, which is not certainly known), Mrs. Abbie Gardner Sharp, author of the "History of the Spirit Lake Massacre," then Miss Abbie Gardner, whose father and mother were murdered at the point where a beautiful monument erected by the State now marks the spot where fell the first victims of this cruel slaughter.

Having tasted blood these fiends continued their murderous work until they were checked and repulsed at what was then called Springfield—now Jackson, Minnesota.

In January, 1857, word was brought to Fort Dodge that a large band of Indians under the lead of Inkpadutah had followed down the Little Sioux river to a point near Smithland, that this band was composed of Sioux, half-breeds and straggling renegades of the Sioux tribe, and that they had become exceedingly insolent and ugly. The next information received at Fort Dodge was in the latter part of February, when Abner Bell, a Mr. Weaver and a Mr. Wilcox came to Fort Dodge and gave Major Williams and myself the startling intelligence of acts and depredations of these scoundrels, said to be about seventy in number, including about thirty warriors.

These three men had left the Little Sioux river and coming through the awful storms and almost impassable snows for sixty miles, without a house or landmark on the way, sought aid from our people. They gave a sad and vivid description of the shooting down of their cattle and horses, of the abuse of their children, the violation of their women and other acts of brutishness and cruelty too savage to be repeated. They pictured in simple but eloquent words the exposures of the dear wife, mother and children, their starving condition and their utter helplessness.

These reports were repeated from day to day by other settlers from the Little Sioux, who from time to time came straggling into Fort Dodge. These repeated accounts of the acts of the Indians led every one familiar with the Indian character to become fully satisfied that they were determined on some great purpose of revenge against the exposed frontier settlements, and this caused much alarm among the people. Among the number giving this information were Ambrose S. Mead, L. F. Finch, G. M. and W. S. Gillett and John A. Kirchner, father of John C. and Jacob Kirchner, who are now citizens of Fort Dodge.

These depredations commenced at the house of Abner Bell, on the 21st day of February, 1857. On the 24th of February, 1857, the house occupied by James Gillett was suddenly entered by ten or more armed warriors, and the two families living under the same roof, consisting of the

heads of each family and five small children, were terrorized and most villianously abused. After enduring outrages there, they managed to escape at midnight, and late the following evening arrived at the residence of Bell, poorly clad, and having been without food for over thirty-six hours. The suffering of these people and their little children will be appreciated by those who remember the driving storms, piercing winds and intense cold of the unparalleled winter of 1856-7, to my knowledge the longest and most severe of any winter for the last forty-three years.

From Gillett's grove, near the present beautiful and prosperous city of Spencer, the Indians proceeded to Spirit Lake and the lakes near by. No preparation could be made for resistance on account of the sparsity of the population and the scattered homes. In fact, it is improbable that any family knew that depredations were being committed by these red devils until they were themselves attacked, and that they were wholly unprepared for any such event.

As soon as the few people in Fort Dodge learned of these depredations and outrages, an effort was made to organize a rescue party to go to the relief of these suffering, starving settlers. The distance was over seventy miles, across an unbroken, treeless, trackless prairie, constantly visited that winter by storms, wholly unknown in Iowa since the State has become dotted with buildings and beautified and protected by thousands of thrifty groves. Much of the distance was covered with snow from eighteen inches to three feet in depth, and in the beds of streams and ravines from ten to fifteen feet deep, all of which cut off any hope that such a party would be successful and would expose the lives of the brave men who volunteered to go to very great peril.

The first attack was made, as before stated, at the Gardner cabin, now occupied by Mrs. Sharp. This was followed by attacks on every cabin then located around this beautiful chain of lakes, now delightful summer resorts well known and highly appreciated by the people of the State.

As before stated these attacks completely annihilated the

settlements in Dickinson county with the exception of the three men before referred to, and the four women who were taken prisoners, two of whom were murdered afterwards by the Indians and two of whom were rescued, Miss Abbie Gardner, then about 14 or 15 years of age, and Mrs. Marble, supposed to be living in California.

Information of the destruction of the settlements around Spirit Lake was brought to Fort Dodge by O. C. Howe, afterwards law professor in our State University, and a companion, R. U. Wheelock, and another gentleman whose name has passed from my memory (I think it was Parmenter), who was absent from the settlement at the time of the massacre. This information was given to the people of Fort Dodge on Saturday night the 21st day of March. On Sunday, the 22d, a public meeting was called in the old brick school house (since torn down) in Fort Dodge, and on Monday, the 23d, two companies were organized in the town—Company A, commanded by Captain C. B. Richards, and Company B, of which I was chosen captain.

Word had been before sent to Webster City and a company commanded by Captain J. C. Johnson was organized there and now joined our companies. Major William Williams, who had been with the United States soldiers at Fort Dodge until 1853, when they were ordered to Fort Ridgely, was unanimously given the command of the three companies.

These three companies were furnished with teams and wagons and with the supposed necessary supply of provisions, clothing and blankets, and with such arms and ammunition as could be furnished at the time, consisting of nearly every kind of gun from double-barrelled shotguns to the finest rifles, and all started from Fort Dodge on the 24th day of March, less than three days after the first news of the massacre had been received.

The Fort Dodge Sentinel, the first newspaper published in the northwest quarter of Iowa, stated that this expedition left Fort Dodge on the 17th of March. This was an error. The editor evidently had enjoyed a long rest after St. Pat-

rick's day and had that day in mind above all others, and thus failed to remember the correct date, which was one week later!

The first day, the companies, after a hard fight with great drifts and enormous snow-banks, made only a distance of six or seven miles and camped close to the timber on the banks of Badger creek. The men rolled themselves in their blankets, covered their heads and lay down on the snow.

When I left Fort Dodge I had a very stiff neck and a badly inflamed ear, which propped my head over to one side at an angle of about forty-five degrees and required careful handling, as the slightest jar caused intense pain. My first night on this expedition will never pass from my memory. It is as vivid now as it was at the time. I, too, slept on a snow-bank and had as my next neighbor one of those horrible snorers who could make a danger signal louder than a locomotive whistle and more musical than a calliope in the procession of a circus.

The following day we shoveled snow, tramped it down for our teams, and when no other plan was possible, fastened a long heavy rope to a wagon and, every man taking hold, hauled the wagon through banks so deep that the snow would pile up in front until it reached the top of the dash-board. After getting our wagons through such a bank we would haul our oxen and horses through places where it was impossible for them to travel.

In this way we reached the point now known as Dakota City, after wading the Des Moines river fifteen or twenty times where there were places to drag our wagons over, as we could not get down to the river at any place where it was sufficiently frozen to carry our heavy loads. We had made about ten miles on this day, by dark.

A few of the men found places to lodge in houses and sheds; others rolled in their blankets, sought the shelter of the groves or lay on the snow as on the preceding night.

This night was planted in my memory so vividly that nothing but death can drive away the recollections. During the night the pain in my ear was excruciating. Before

morning the gathering broke, giving some relief from pain, but causing great inconvenience. The hardships suffered in these two days caused two of the men to be discharged on account of snow-blindness and severely frozen feet, and one or two faint hearts to desert.

The following day the command started for McKnight's Point, a distance of about eighteen miles in a direct line northwesterly from Dakota City. Our course lay over a rather low, flat prairie, which had gathered and retained the great bulk of the accumulation of the earlier winter storms. We were without guide, landmarks or tracks of any kind to direct us. This necessitated having some one go ahead and find the best places for crossing the deep and almost impassable drifts.

This duty was assigned to me and it necessitated double the amount of travel required of the command. During all the forenoon I kept two or three miles in advance of the companies, signaling back from high points the direction to be taken to avoid, so far as possible, the depressions in the ground which were filled with snow, in many places ten or twelve feet in depth. All this distance there was a crust on the snow on which a light man could sometimes walk five or six rods, but a heavier man would break through and go in to his hips, thus making the march exceedingly difficult and tiresome.

At about noon the men stopped a few moments and took a cold lunch, but as I was too far in advance to return, I had no dinner, and from my weakened condition and from lack of sleep the two preceding nights, I became much fatigued. Shortly before dark I was joined by Lieutenant Maxwell of Company C and Private R. U. Wheelock of my own company, who had been engaged a part of the afternoon in the same work as myself.

At dark the companies were together about three or four miles back, and we were about the same distance from a grove of timber at McKnight's Point, on the west fork of the Des Moines river. We held a consultation and concluded it would be as easy to reach this timber as to return to the

command, and immediately started for it. One of our number would go ahead for a few rods and the other two follow in his footsteps, at one time on the crust of the snow and at another time sinking down two or three or more feet into the snow, wedged in by the hard crust which made it almost impossible to extricate ourselves for another plunge. Then another would change with the leader. We continued on in this way until we were about two miles from the grove, when Mr. Wheelock took from his pocket a small vial of medicine, which he said Dr. Olney had given him at Fort Dodge to prevent his taking cold. He took a little himself and asked me to take some, which I did. This medicine proved to be almost entirely composed of that deadly drug, laudanum.

Within two minutes from the time I took this medicine I was seriously affected, on account of the weakened condition of my system from lack of food. I bit my lips until they bled to keep up, supposing that I was becoming exhausted and not thinking of the medicine I had taken, but I was compelled to surrender. I could not stand alone nor take a single step, and would instantly fall asleep unless violently shaken. I urged Lieutenant Maxwell and Mr. Wheelock to leave me and try to save themselves, as they were too much exhausted to have any possible chance of getting me to the timber. The night was cold and we had not even a blanket for protection and I could see no hope for myself. In my dazed condition I distinctly remember thinking that my time had come. But Lieutenant Maxwell and R. U. Wheelock were made of material that would never permit a companion when helpless to cross the dark river alone, and they would consent to nothing of the kind. To their manly, courageous and self-sacrificing spirit I undoubtedly owe my life.

Lieutenant Maxwell started to walk, but too much exhausted he lay down on the crust of that cruel snow and rolled over and over that two miles, to a cabin in the grove, suffering injuries from which he never fully recovered. Wheelock kept himself from freezing by his violent efforts to keep me awake, refusing to leave me for a moment and

faithfully staying by me for hours until help came. At the cabin Maxwell found the old pioneer, Jeremiah Evans, and William Church, and these two men followed back the tracks he had made, to where Wheelock had remained with me, busily engaged in keeping me from that sleep that knows no waking.

By almost superhuman efforts these two brave men dragged me to the cabin, and my faithful protector, Wheelock, walking, falling and plunging along, sometimes lying down and rolling on the crust of the snow, succeeded in making the cabin about the same time, late in the night. I immediately went to sleep, not to awake from the effects of the dose of laudanum I had taken until late the following day, after the command had reached the grove.

Dr. Bissell, the surgeon of the command, examined the contents of the vial, pronounced it almost entirely composed of laudanum and told me that it was a miracle that in my condition it had not killed me, and that my chance of living had not been over one in a thousand, which chance fortunately I was permitted to take.

In the afternoon the men succeeded in making their way over the snow to the Evans cabin. Here they remained until the following morning, having traveled by the most desperate exertions a little more than thirty miles in four days. Here several men became faint-hearted from exhaustion and suffering, to which most of them were unaccustomed, and refused to continue the march.

One brave man whose courage had been tested in the Mexican war and who was the third soldier to enter the Mexican fort when Cherubusco was stormed, declared that it was suicidal to continue the march, that it would result in the destruction of the entire command, and refused to go farther.

But this was not the spirit of the officers and of nearly all of the men. They had started to rescue the survivors of the Spirit Lake settlement, if any were left, to bury the dead, and if possible to overtake the Indians, and nothing but absolute impossibility could induce them to give up their purpose.

From McKnight's Point, the command, led by that brave, intrepid old soldier, Major William Williams, continued on, each day being a repetition of the preceding one, until we reached what was then called the West Bend and beyond that the Irish Colony, located a few miles northwesterly from what is now the flourishing city of Emmetsburg, the growing capital of Palo Alto county. Here we rested for a short time and were joined by several persons living in the settlement and by Hon. C. C. Carpenter and Angus McBane and others who happened to be there on business, but resided at Fort Dodge.

During the march from McKnight's Point, a tar box on one of the wagons was lost by a man named Brizee and found by one who was not blessed by an extra supply of brains.

To divert the minds of those who were suffering from the severe exposure of the march, it was determined that Brizee should be tried for losing the tar box. A court martial was organized, witnesses examined and a formal finding was had and verdict rendered holding Brizee guilty, and sentence was pronounced against him that he be shot, and the man with but few brains was selected as the executioner.

He took the proceedings in dead earnest and undoubtedly would have carried out the sentence, only he was informed that he must wait until he received his orders, and until the time was set for the solemn execution. The result was that Brizee was in great terror, fearing that his executioner would carry out the sentence without further notice or order. Finally, however, Brizee was pardoned and released from the peril which he considered so imminent.

After the command moved on from the Irish Colony signs of Indians were found around the lakes in that neighborhood. A few cattle had been shot, and what appeared like moccasin tracks were seen and every little grove was searched.

It was considered quite likely that the savages, after killing the people at Spirit Lake, would cross over to the Des Moines river and kill the few settlers there. I have always believed that some of the band did this, for unless such

was the case it would be very difficult to account for the signs of the Indian depredations that we found east of the west fork of the river, around the lakes.

Near the lakes we saw in the distance some objects which seemed to be moving and were supposed to be Indians. A detail was sent ahead to investigate, and a nearer view revealed an ox-team and a sled.

This showed plainly the presence of white people. As we approached we found that they had mistaken us for Indians. They had put themselves in an attitude of defense, evidently intending to sell their lives as dearly as possible and determined never to fall into the hands of the savages alive. When they found us friends, the joy of these people, about seventeen or eighteen in number, can be better imagined than described. They were trying to escape from the town of Springfield, in Minnesota, where the Indians had been repulsed, but at the cost of one killed and several wounded.

The leader of this band was a Mr. Thomas whose son had been killed at the door of his own cabin, and whose arm was broken by a rifle ball and amputated on his arrival at Fort Dodge. Mrs. Church, whose husband had found us at McKnight's Point, a woman of fine presence and who, in the Thomas cabin, had used a rifle with as unerring aim as the best rifle shot in that company; a sister of hers, Miss Swanger, who had been severely wounded in the fight; a Mr. Garver, who had also been severely wounded; two boys whose relatives had all been killed in that fight, except the father of one of the boys, and others whom I cannot now call to mind, were with the company.

While we were at the lakes and after supplying these refugees with food, the appetites of our men, on account of the cold and severe labor, had nearly exhausted the amount of food supplied for the march, and we were reduced to half rations. Much of the time, however, we were supplied with raw meat, some of it beavers' meat, which was cooked by our night fires, each one furnishing a stick, fastening to it a piece of meat and holding it over the coals until ready for supper. When there was no stick handy a ramrod answered the purpose.

For the last few days of the march we were constantly in expectation of meeting Indians, of whom every settler gave such information as best suited his fancy. This constant watchfulness which required the stationing of guards at night, permitted but few hours of good, sound, restful sleep during the entire march. The labors of the men were of the most severe character. They were almost constantly shoveling snow and dragging our teams and wagons by ropes through the deep banks, traveling with sore, wet and swollen feet; to add to the difficulty several became snow-blind.

The men, however, showed themselves worthy of all praise, for they endured their sufferings without a murmur.

No trained veterans, thoroughly equipped and armed, ever did duty more willingly, more cheerfully or more faithfully.

Few of the men were accustomed to such hardships. None of them were fully prepared for what they had to endure, but not a man shirked his duty.

After meeting the refugees from Springfield, who would have perished but for our timely aid, all believed the Indians would follow them. This necessitated double diligence and vigilance. All were constantly on the watch after we left Mud lakes. In order not to be taken by surprise a body of scouts was dispatched ahead of the main company to carefully examine the timber bordering on the lakes, and report any further signs of Indians that might be discovered.

The scouts were given strict orders by our commander not to fire a gun unless they saw Indians, and this was to be the signal for the main body to hasten to their relief. The scouts had gone three or four miles ahead and had just passed through a grove of timber bordering on one of the lakes. At the same time I was on horseback about half way between the command and the scouts, looking out a safe place to cross some creeks and ravines.

Suddenly I heard the crack of a dozen or more rifles (at least, it sounded to me as many) and saw two persons running out of the timber about two miles beyond. I was well armed and as I knew the orders given the scouts not to fire

unless Indians were discovered, I supposed the men I saw were Indians driven from the timber by the scouts whom I had seen enter the grove. After carefully examining the caps on my double-barreled gun and revolver, I started my horse on a full run, where he was not prevented by snow-banks, hoping to head off the supposed Indians. When near enough to see plainer, I found that the men were two of our own scouts, and learned that in passing through the grove the old hunters had suddenly come upon a number of beavers lying on the ice sunning themselves. The temptation to these old hunters was too great for them to resist and forgetting their orders and their duty they fired at the beavers. The two men I had seen running from the timber were chasing beavers.

Immediately upon finding out the facts and knowing the men would be anxious to learn the cause of the firing, I started back and found everybody preparing for a fight.

Major Williams gave me a severe reprimand for needlessly exposing my life. If this reprimand could have been taken by a phonograph, and the picture of the scene with a kodak, it would have been more amusing than I thought it was at the time. Some things he said to me seemed comical. He was at the boiling point with rage, and those who ever knew him will understand what that implies. I remember, after saying a few severe things to me in a loud, angry tone of voice, he demanded, "Did you expect to whip all the damned Indians yourself?" I received my reprimand in silence and two years after took my revenge by marrying his daughter.

From this point no particular incident occurred worth relating until we reached Granger's cabin, near the Minnesota line, several miles above Estherville, where our reception was very chilly. When the scouts returned to the command Major Williams gave them, in his forcible style and emphatic language, his ideas of the duty of a soldier and their disgraceful conduct and the great outrage they had perpetrated in violating his commands.

At the Granger cabin a soldier from Fort Ridgely met

us and reported what the soldiers from that point had done, and gave us what information he had relating to the Indians and the direction they had taken. He said that after their repulse at Springfield, they had hastily fled and were then probably a hundred miles northwest of the place where we were encamped for the night.

The officers then held a council and all concluded the Indians had such a start that we could not overtake them, and by this time the sun had melted the snow to such an extent that the streams were rising rapidly and in many places were almost impassable.

It was then decided to send a detail to bury the dead and find whether any were yet alive around the lakes. Volunteers were called for, and Captain Johnson of Company C, and many others, more than could go, volunteered, The names of this party, about twenty in all, have been preserved and it will be unnecessary for me to repeat them. Captain Johnson was placed in command by Major Williams, and we parted with these brave men expecting to meet them on our return to the Irish Colony.

The balance of the command then started on the return march. The fast melting snow had raised the streams and in places they were almost impassable. After a hard, toilsome march we finally reached the Irish Colony, expecting to meet our men who had been sent to bury the dead. Captain Johnson never returned. William Burkholder never returned. The night before our arrival it turned cold and there was quite a blizzard. Captain Johnson and his detachment, as soon as they had buried the dead, started to cross from the lakes to our place of meeting. They became bewildered and disagreed as to the proper course to take, remaining all night with their frozen clothing and wet feet on the open prairie without shelter or food. In the morning those who had taken off their wet boots were unable to get them on. They separated into squads, each party taking the course that it considered right, and during the day most of them reached the place of meeting. Captain Johnson and William Burkholder, two as noble men as ever lived, were

frozen to death, and though for weeks a search was made, their bones were not found until years after, when they were identified by the rifle which Burkholder carried and had with him when he died. Many of those who came in were actually crazy, so that they did not recognize their companions for some time after. It has always been a mystery to me that any of the detachment survived that terrible night. On the open prairie, in the neighborhood of the lakes, the storm was the worst that we had experienced up to that time and one of the worst ever known in Iowa. The hardships which these brave men experienced and endured on the march undoubtedly accustomed them to greater hardships and increased their powers of endurance, or not one would have been left to tell the tale of their sufferings. At the Irish Colony, as we had but little food, we tried to purchase a steer to be killed to aid our commissary, George B. Sherman. The people refused to sell without the cash and we were compelled to take the animal by force.

We then started down the Des Moines river, keeping on the hills to avoid the water, which by this time covered the bottom lands. About two hours before dark we arrived at Cylinder creek, which we found had risen so rapidly that it covered the flat land for nearly half a mile in width, for a depth of from two to four feet, while the main channel of the stream was fifty or sixty feet wide and very deep.

Captain Richards and myself concluded to rig up a boat from a new wagon box, which we caulked with the cotton from a bed-quilt, and taking Guernsey Smith from my company and Mr. Mason from his, we started across, hoping in this way to be able to get the remainder over. The wind, however, rose suddenly from the northwest and blew so hard that although we baled constantly we barely reached the other shore before our boat was swamped and sunk, all getting more or less wet.

Captain Richards, Smith and myself tried to reach the men on the other side by calling to them, but failed. We were exhausted and knew unless we could reach the cabin about three miles away the chances for the night would be

poor indeed, as all our blankets were left with the men. As we could accomplish nothing more we started as rapidly as we could go, with our wet feet, frozen boots and clothing, for the Shippey cabin, which we reached after dark. We secured a little bread, bacon and coffee and then sat around the fire drying our clothing, looking out of the door to see if there was any change for the better in the awful storm and wondering how it would be possible for the men to live through the night. This was one of the longest nights I ever experienced. It seemed like a month to me.

As soon as we could see we started back to the point where we had left the men. Captain Richards and myself reached the place through the blinding storm with the mercury away below zero and the wind blowing at a fifty mile rate, but the other men did not.

When we reached Cylinder creek we could see that the men were all hidden from sight by the blankets and canvas coverings of the wagons and we were in great fear that all were frozen to death as there was not the least sign of life. We remained as long as we could stand it and then returned to Shippey's cabin. About three o'clock we again faced the storm and reached the place a second time opposite our men. Captain Richards and myself had brought a rope with us when we crossed over, and on our first trip had made great exertions to reach the men. We renewed our efforts at this time. I tied the rope around my body, Captain Richards taking the other end, and finding two boards of the wagon-box, put them on the ice, and by moving one and then the other ahead of me while lying flat down tried to cross the stream, but on account of my weight constantly breaking the thin ice over the rapid portion of the stream, I found it impossible. Then Captain Richards, who was lighter than myself, tried the same experiment, I holding the end of the rope, but with no better success.

At this time, however, I saw and talked with two of the men, who informed me that all were safe. With great coolness and presence of mind the men piled up as close together as they could lie, covered themselves all over with the blank-

ets, scarcely a person moving from Saturday evening until Monday morning, when the ice had frozen over so solidly that the loaded wagons and horses as well as the men crossed over in perfect safety.

That was the most remarkable freeze and the worst storm I have ever seen in April in the forty-three winters I have lived in Iowa. It lasted from the fourth until the morning of the sixth.

Owing to the lack of food the men at this point separated somewhat, going in squads with a view to securing sufficient supplies to last them until they should reach home.

Thomas Calligan, a powerful, big-hearted Irishman of my company, whenever we reached a stream, would throw me on his shoulders as easily as if I had been a child, and carry me over in spite of my protests against his doing so.

When the storm came to Cylinder creek, Major Williams rode back on a wagon to the Irish Colony to look after the men of the detail sent to Spirit Lake to bury the dead who had not yet arrived. He and the remainder of the company arrived at Fort Dodge on the 10th or 11th of April. All of those we had rescued arrived safely in as good form as could have been hoped for in their destitute and wounded condition.

All of the command finally arrived safely except Captain Johnson and Wm. Burkholder, who perished in the awful storm not far from the Irish Colony, on the west side of the west fork of the Des Moines river. Some of the party, however, received injuries from the exposure on the march from which they never recovered.

I have doubts whether any body of men for the same length of time, on any march, ever suffered greater hardships, more constant exposure, more severe bodily labor, than these who composed the Spirit Lake Expedition.

Many accounts of this Expedition have been published, written by different persons who belonged to this command, by Major Williams, Captain Richards, Lieutenant Maxwell, ex-Governor Carpenter, Frank R. Mason, Michael Sweeney, Harry Hoover and others, but while these several accounts

differ in some slight particulars, they do not with two or three exceptions, give in detail the incidents of this entire march, and I have tried to put in form for a part of the history of Iowa, the most important events. My recollection has been aided by a former account written by me and by such memoranda as I have before me.

Forty-one years have passed since the events herein recited took place, but my memory of them is as distinct, on nearly every point, as it was the year after they occurred.

After a residence at Fort Dodge of about forty-three years, during which time I was constantly associated with pioneers, men who had gone hundreds of miles beyond railroads, friends, relatives and home, I say without fear of contradiction, that these men and their wives have made Iowa what it is today and deserve the grateful remembrance of all her people, deserve to be honored and loved by those who now enjoy the rich rewards of their labors.

I never meet one of these old pioneers, I never think of one of them, without my heart warming with genuine affection and kindly regard for them and for their welfare.

Many of those who marched with us on this Expedition have crossed the silent river; many are still on this side of that river, near its shore; but so long as the people of Iowa admire pluck and true courage; so long as Americans are freemen, the story of the Spirit Lake Expedition will be told with pride by every true man of our State and by all who are familiar with her history.

THE ADDRESS OF CAPT. CHARLES B. RICHARDS.*

You have met today to formally unveil this beautiful Memorial Tablet, which is to commemorate for all time the heroic part taken by the citizens of your county in one of the

*Charles B. Richards was born at Warrensburg, Warren county, New York, August

I am very truly Yours
Chas. B. Richards

CHARLES B. RICHARDS, CAPTAIN OF CO. A.

most remarkable marches, through untrodden snows and over and across treeless and trackless prairies, in the midst of one of the coldest and most inhospitable winters ever known in this latitude, with only such arms and ammunition as each man happened to own or could borrow from some neighbor, without tents, adequate transportation or commissary supplies. And first let me compliment the authorities of your county who have given the first public recognition of the bravery, heroism, pluck and endurance which the men whose names are inscribed on this enduring brass have ever received. Costly monuments of marble and granite have been reared in many places for far less noble and self-sacrificing public services.

In the latter part of March, 1857, the then frontier town of Fort Dodge was aroused by the arrival of Orlando C. Howe and R. U. Wheelock, two of the pioneer settlers at Spirit Lake, on the extreme northern border of the State and nearly one hundred miles distant, who had just returned from a trip to their claims at the Lakes, and who related what they had there seen. A meeting of the citizens was at once called at the school-house, at which Maj. William Williams was chairman and myself secretary. Messrs. Howe and Wheelock stated that on arriving at the Lakes, near dark three nights before, they had found the houses all deserted, the dead and mutilated bodies of entire families, men, women and children lying around, the cattle killed in the stables; in fact, that the Indians had killed, destroyed, or taken captive every living thing in the settlement, and that the probability was that having accomplished so much here, they would follow up the Des Moines river and destroy the settlements known to exist there.

13, 1833. He was educated at the Kinderhook and Glen Falls Academy and the Polytechnic Institute, Troy, New York. He studied law with Hon. Joshua Spencer of Utica, where he was admitted to the bar. He came to Iowa in 1855, locating at Fort Dodge. He was elected Captain of Co. B in the organization of the Spirit Lake Expedition. For some years afterward he practiced law in Fort Dodge, also holding the position of register of the U. S. Land Office at that place from 1861 to 1869. He was one of the founders of the First National Bank of Fort Dodge, and also became a large coal operator. He was subsequently very fortunate in mining operations in the Rocky Mountains, and removed to San Diego, California, where he resided at the time this publication was going through the press.

As soon as the facts were known, it was resolved to call for volunteers to go to the relief of the exposed settlements. Nearly one hundred men enrolled their names and signified their readiness to march. It was here determined to organize the force into two companies. This was done and the officers elected by the companies. It was also resolved to send a messenger to Webster City, Homer and Border Plains, for assistance.*

The next day was spent in getting together such arms, ammunition and clothing, blankets and commissary supplies as could be obtained near the end of a severe winter in a frontier town one hundred and fifty miles from any source of supply. Two teams were engaged to haul the bedding, camp equipage and provisions—one for each company—and everything made ready to start. The next day, in the evening, the men whose names are engraved on this beautiful Tablet arrived from Webster City and were organized as a separate company, known as Company C. The three companies were under command of Maj. William Williams. All the preparation which our limited means and resources would permit having been made, we set out on our march.

The next morning, the snow being nearly three feet deep, and no track, it was very hard work for the men who were put ahead to break the road. After six hours marching we arrived at Badger creek, six miles from Fort Dodge, and went into camp near some hay stacks, cooking our first meal. But little sleep was obtained by any one, not having learned to lie close together and make the most of our blankets. All were up and breakfast cooked and eaten soon after daylight, and ready to resume the march. The day was bright and warm, making the snow soft and wet. Many of the men suffered from snow-blindness, and the exposed skin of hands or face was burned so as to be very sore; but by hard marching and assisting the teams by means of a long rope, with twenty to thirty men on each rope, we managed to reach

*The roster of the Expedition is omitted here, but may be found on page 71, Vol. II of THE ANNALS. Daniel Okeson, Co. A, and John O'Laughlin, Co. B, were discharged on the third day out for disabilities arising from hardship and exposure.

Dakota near night and went into camp. We had now been out two days, and to some the romance had worn off. Some, by walking all day in the wet snow, had made their feet so sore that they were unable to continue the march, and some were nearly blind from the effect of the bright sun on the snow. Those who were suffering from either cause were discharged. . . . The third day was bright and warm and our way lay across the prairie in the direction of McKnight's Point. Traveling as we were, nearly parallel with the west branch of the Des Moines river, we were frequently crossing the heads of small streams and ravines, all of which were level full with the drifted snow. When one of these was reached all of the men were put in line to tramp a road across, if the depression was not too deep; after going over this several times until the snow was well packed the teams by the help of the men could cross. But we found several places where the ravine was full of snow from fifteen to twenty feet deep, and on these no amount of tramping that we could do would make a road that would bear the teams and wagons, and our only way was to tramp the road as well as we could, separate the horses and lead them over, then carry the loads across, and by fastening our long ropes to the empty wagons, drag them through. The snow frequently gathered so deep and hard in front of the wagons that we had to shovel it out, and then with the teams and men and long ropes drag them across, load up and go on until we found another similar obstruction. Early in the afternoon it became apparent that we would not be able to reach the timber at McKnight's Point. Capt. Duncombe, Lieut. Maxwell and R. U. Wheelock were sent ahead to look out a road, and if possible get to timber and water. These succeeded in reaching the Point late in the evening, being assisted by some settlers, who having guns came to their assistance and made beacon fires to guide any that might still be out. The main body, tired out with the hard day's work and wet and hungry, went into camp when it became so dark that it was impossible to keep their direction, on a ridge where the snow had blown off. Here on the frozen ground, with such rations as we had, we

spent the night with no camp fires and no water, except from the melted snow. As soon as daylight appeared we started and reached Evans' claim soon after noon, where we went into camp, having made six miles. Here we found Capt. Duncombe and others who had arrived the previous night, the Captain suffering much from neuralgia and from an overdose of medicine, taken when exhausted, before getting in the previous night, and which proved to be mostly laudanum. It was determined to go no further that day but to give the men a rest and cook up sufficient provisions to last the next day. Here several men turned back being unable to endure the hardships of the march. The next morning the command started early and by hard and constant work reached Shippey's at dark. At McCormick's, a mile below Shippey's, we found Angus McBane, Cyrus C. Carpenter, William P. Pollock and Andrew Hood, who joined Co. A, and went on with us from that point. We also found at Shippey's a part of a load of flour which A. M. Luce had left some weeks before, having got thus far when the deep snow had rendered it impossible to proceed with his load. He had taken what he could haul on a hand sled and gone on to his family at the Lakes. With this we replenished our meager supplies and the next day reached the Irish Colony in Palo Alto county, where we were able to get some hay for a bed and sleep under the cattle sheds. Our teams being nearly worn out we got an ox-team here to help us along (starting out in the morning, first having sent on an advance guard—as nothing had been heard from the settlements above—it was feared the Indians had destroyed them and would follow down the river) and reached Mud Lakes at night. About noon the advance saw on the prairie in the distance, a number of persons moving slowly, stopping and consulting, evidently having discovered us. Each party at first feared the other was Indians. But our men soon discovered that there were white women and children and an ox-team in the party and at once suspected they were settlers and went to them and found they were the sole survivors of the settlement at Springfield, Minnesota. This was a small settlement on the Des Moines,

a few miles north of the State line, which had been attacked by the same band of Indians who had destroyed the colony at the Lakes a few days before, and all but this party who had escaped in the night had been murdered. They were a very dilapidated looking company. First was an ox-team carrying Mr. Thomas and Miss Swanger, both wounded in the fight at Springfield, driven by the only able bodied man in the party. This was followed by the women and children, wet, hungry, cold and nearly exhausted, having been for two nights and nearly two days on the open prairie without fire and with no food, except a little raw corn. I doubt very much if all or any of them had lived to reach the Colony alive but for this accidental meeting. The men at once divided the cooked rations with the sufferers, the surgeon, Dr. C. A. Bissell, doing all in his power to alleviate the sufferings of the wounded. On consultation it was determined to go to the nearest timber, some two miles distant, and camp for the night. The men built good fires, improvised a tent from blankets, and made them as comfortable as possible. The surgeon dressed the wounds and the party obtained some much needed rest. Not knowing but that the Indians might be in the vicinity, guards were placed in all directions around the camp, and the night being very dark and the men nearly worn out, they were changed hourly, so that, with keeping up a supply of wood for the fires, but little rest was obtained by the men. In the morning we sent the rescued party back under the charge of the surgeon to the Irish Colony and resumed our march, hoping to overtake the Indians at Springfield, having learned from Mrs. Church, one of the party, that the Wood Bros. store contained many things that would detain the Indians, and that probably they would find whiskey enough to keep them drunk for several days.

There was no incident to break the monotony of the march, and on the evening of the next day we arrived at Granger's Point near the State line, where we found one of the Grangers and a boy occupying a small cabin. They treated us with indifference, in fact, we could get little in-

formation from them and no assistance. They said they had no food and locked up the cabin, showing the most inhospitable spirit of any pioneers it has ever been my fortune to meet. We did learn from them that the government troops from Fort Ridgely had been down to Springfield two days before, and had sent a detachment over to the Lakes, but that it had only been to one place on Spirit Lake where they found one body which they buried, and then returned to the Fort on account of the rough weather, bad roads and short supply of rations. From this we determined that pursuit of the Indians would be useless, even had it been possible, but we had subsisted for two days on "slap jacks" made from flour and water, with neither salt nor anything to make them light, with hardly enough bacon to grease the pan in which they were fried. We managed to spend a very uncomfortable night. It took till very late to cook enough "slap jacks" to go around, and many of the men preferred to lie down and rest rather than to cook them; but knowing the necessity of eating, I insisted on all my company taking their coffee and "slap jacks," and I cooked far into the night until all had been supplied.

A consultation of the officers was held during the night, and it was determined to send six or eight men from each company (if they would volunteer) with all the provisions we could spare, to the Lakes to make a thorough examination and bury the dead. In the morning the command was drawn up and volunteers called for that purpose. Capt. J. C. Johnson of Co. C, who lost his life on this trip, and myself, with Lieut. Maxwell of Co. C, and privates Henry Carse, Wm. E. Burkholder, Wm. Ford, H. E. Dalley, O. C. Howe, Geo. P. Smith, O. S. Spencer, C. Stebbins, S. Vancleave, R. U. Wheelock, R. A. Smith and B. F. Parmenter of Co. A; Jesse Addington, R. McCormick, J. M. Thatcher, W. R. Wilson, Jonas Murray and A. Burch of Co. B; with Wm. K. Laughlin and E. D. Kellogg of Co. C, volunteered for this trip and constituted the Spirit Lake detachment. Having cooked a couple of days' rations and selected such bedding and clothing as could be carried by each man, as-

sisted by my Indian pony, we were ready to start by nine in the morning, the main body having started on the return trip an hour before.

On coming to the river we found a channel open in the middle and the water very high. By getting a log across, the men were able to get over, but after spending nearly an hour it was found impossible to get the pony across, and as time was important I turned over the command to Capt. Johnson, divided the load on the pony among the men, gave to Wm. E. Burkholder of my company and one of my intimate personal friends—who, with Lieut. Stratton, had shared the same blankets with me since starting—my rations and a veil to protect his face and eyes, and a small shawl, and bade him good-bye, little thinking it would be forever.

Wm. E. Burkholder was a young man of rare promise; educated, brave, generous, unselfish. He volunteered for this Expedition knowing that it would be at great personal sacrifice, having been nominated by the Republicans of his county as their candidate for treasurer and recorder,* and knowing that his absence during the election might, and probably would, result in his defeat; but he never gave it a regretful thought. His patriotism and his manhood called him, and he went to lay down his young life that he might protect his fellow-citizens and their frontier homes from the merciless savage.

Being unable to get the pony across the river, and the entire command having been some two hours on the return march, there was no one to take the pony back and I was obliged to follow on and overtake the main body before night, which I did before they left the mid-day camp.

We camped for the night at a small trapper's cabin at Mud Lakes, where the men found the frozen carcasses of some beavers, which they tried to cook to piece out their scanty rations. The excitement and hope of accomplishing some good having ceased, all were anxious to get where they

*At that time the functions of treasurer and recorder were discharged by one officer. Afterwards the two offices of county treasurer and county recorder were created and the work divided between them.

could find food and rest. Many were foot-sore, and several had entirely worn out their boots, and all were nearly used up by the constant exposure, poor food and hard marching through the melting snow and water.

I shall always remember the night we spent at this place. George W. Brizee, a young lawyer and member of my company, had been suffering from toothache, and had thrown away his heavy boots, having left them too near the camp-fire when wet, which shrunk them so that they were useless. He had put on the only ones he had left, a light pair, and marching all day in the melting snow and water had made his feet so sore that he could only relieve them by cutting holes in many places in the boots. Several of our company built a fire in one corner of the trapper's cabin and spread our blankets on the dirt floor to sleep; but poor Brizee could not get his boots off, and feared if he cut them so that he could remove them, he would have nothing to keep his feet from the ground. As the pain in his feet was relieved, his tooth reminded him that it needed his attention; and after lying down and trying to sleep, frequently reiterating that he knew he should die, he got up and went out and returned with a hind-quarter of beaver and began to roast it over the coals; and in a half-reclining position he spent the entire night roasting and trying to eat the tough, leathery meat, first consigning his feet to a warmer climate, and then as his toothache for a time attracted most of his attention, giving us a lecture on dentistry; when his tooth was relieved for a short time he would, with both hands holding on to the partially roasted quarter of beaver, get hold with his teeth and try to tear off a piece! The picture by the weird light of the fire was a striking one and left a lasting impression on my mind.

While the rapid melting of the snow made it much easier for both men and teams most of the way, the waterways and creeks were rendered nearly impassable and so much time was consumed in crossing that we could only make about the same distance per day as when the snow was deepest. I remember that on leaving Mud Lakes we got along rapidly

until we came to Prairie Creek, at the point where we had crossed on our way up. The tramping and shoveling had caused the water to settle so as to be impassable for either men or teams. Attempts to cross above or below proved on trial impracticable, and it was necessary to tramp a path and then put down a board from the wagon-box and get over the main creek, the snow being very hollow and the water under many feet deep. In this way the men were able to cross and carry all the luggage. The long ropes were then taken over, one end having been fastened to the wagon, and all hands starting on a run dragged the wagon through. We then fastened the rope to the yoke of oxen and they were dragged through. The rope was next fastened to the end of the halter on my pony, and pushing him in, the men started on a run. The pony disappeared under the slush and water and for twenty feet did not come to the surface, but striking the bank he came out at last shaking his head and snorting, much to the amusement of all parties.

The Irish Colony was reached in the evening. Here the officers were called together to consult as to ways and means to get food to keep the men together until we could reach Fort Dodge. The settlers at the Colony were on short rations and could spare nothing. We decided to buy a steer and kill for the party, but we had no money and the owner refused to sell without pay. We offered to give the personal obligation of all the officers, and assured him the State would pay a good price; but this was not satisfactory. We therefore decided to take one *vi et armis*, and detailed several men to kill and dress the steer. They were met by men, women and children, armed with pitchforks to resist the sacrifice, and not being able to convince them either of the necessity of the case or that they would get pay for the steer, I ordered Lieut. Stratton and a squad of men with loaded guns to go and take the steer; when, seeing we were determined, and that farther resistance would be useless, the hostile party retired. The animal was soon dressed and distributed to the men, and for the first time in ten days they had a full meal.

Here we had hoped the detachment sent to the Lakes might overtake us, but as they did not come we left what meat had not been used for the men, and resumed our march. The day was warm until about noon when a cold rain began, making it dreary and dismal. We found several small creeks and all the ravines full of water, but crossed all without much detention until we arrived at Cylinder Creek about twelve or fifteen miles from the Colony and two from Shippey's, where we expected to camp for the night. This point we reached about 3 p. m. when we found the bottom on the west side one vast sheet of water fully half a mile wide. We had become accustomed to overcoming obstructions and at once sent two men with poles to wade out as far as possible and ascertain the depth of the water. Their report was that the men could wade for nearly half a mile in water from two to five feet deep, when they would reach the channel proper of the creek which was from sixty to eighty feet wide and very deep, with a swift current. We determined to make a boat from our wagon-box by calking the cracks with cotton taken from our comforters and with this (first stretching a rope across the deep water) we could wade the men out to that point and run them across in the wagon-box. Capt. Duncombe selected Guernsey Smith a man of great strength and endurance, and I selected Solon Mason from my company, a man of equal strength and courage. They waded one on each side of the improvised boat, while Capt. Duncombe and myself bailed the water which found its way in nearly as fast as we could dip it out. When we arrived at the bank of the creek proper, within some eighty or one hundred feet of the farther shore, we took Smith and Mason in. We stationed two men, who had waded out for that purpose, near the bank where they found a place with not more than three and a half to four feet of water, to hold one end of our long pole while we pushed across uncoiling the rope as we went. When we struck the swift current we were carried rapidly down stream, but by all using our poles we managed to get across. As we struck the farther shore where the bank was steep and a lot of ice piled up, our boat shut up like a jack-

knife, there being no braces at the corners. Every man jumped for shore and by getting hold of some willows all got out, Mason losing his overcoat and hat, and all getting wet. When the boat which went under in the collapse came up, it was only separate boards floating down the rapid stream, and the rope was gone. The men who had come out to hold one end could not stand the cold water longer and had waded back to the main body. We had hoped to stretch this rope across the deep water and ferry over the men.

About this time the wind suddenly changed to the northwest and was blowing fiercely and very cold, so that our wet clothes began to freeze and stiffen. Capt. Duncombe and myself at once concluded to send Smith and Mason to Shippey's for an ox-team and a load of poles with which to construct a raft on which to cross the men, in the meantime going up and down the banks of the creek to see if there were any better place to cross. By the time they returned the wind was blowing a gale and the air full of snow and the cold becoming intense. Mr. Mason was without overcoat or hat, only a handkerchief around his head. The Shippey boys at once loaded a wagon with poles and with these, on their arrival, we tried to construct a raft, but in the face of that blizzard, for such it had now become, we could do nothing. By this time it had grown so dark that nothing could be seen of the other shore, neither, on account of the noise of the wind, could we get any reply to our frequent calls. We were utterly incapable of further exertion. The howling wind and drifting snow was fast obliterating the track. We consulted together and determined that it was as utterly impossible for us to render any assistance to our men as it would have been had they been in mid-ocean, and that our only safety lay in getting to Shippey's before the darkness and drifting snow made it impossible. It was a terrible walk with our frozen clothes and it was nine o'clock in the evening when we reached the cabin. Here we passed a night which no lapse of time will ever obliterate from my memory, so small was the cabin and so cold, and we had only our wet clothes. We warmed ourselves by the open fire, had some bacon and

bread and a cup of coffee—the best thing to revive exhausted nature I have ever found. We had no blankets but borrowed what the Shippeys could spare from their scanty store and spent the night, some trying to sleep, some drying their clothes by turning first one side to the fire, then the other, all anxious, and making frequent visits to the door hoping the storm would abate, but each time only to find the wind and cold increasing. I well remember finding an old black pipe and some strong plug tobacco which under the excitement and anxiety I smoked every time I was up—which was most of the time—without feeling any effects from it. At any other time it would have made me sick in two minutes. I remember that it seemed as if the light of day would never come. The image of each man in the command out in this terrible night, with neither food, fire nor even the protection of a tent, was constantly before me. And what they would do to save themselves was ever in my thoughts; but I had great faith in their ability and judgment. I had seen them for the last twelve days tried as few men ever are, with no shrinking and no fear, and full of expedients to meet every demand on their courage, bravery and endurance, and believed they would be equal to this trying occasion; but still I had fears. So terrible was the wind and cold and so penetrating the drifting snow that the terrible thought would come that we might find them huddled together in one frozen mass—or realizing that they could not live where they were, they would try to get back to the Irish Colony and that we would find them scattered on the prairie, each where exhausted nature had succumbed to the fierce wind, the biting cold and blinding snow. It was a terrible dream I had while wide awake and with every faculty acute and strained to the highest tension, and thus we passed the night. But then came as a relief the thought that Carpenter, Stratton, Stevens, and others, were fully capable of saving the party by their coolness, experience and good judgment.

With early dawn Capt. Duncombe, Smith, Mason and myself started for the creek, the blizzard at its hight, if not increasing. Mason had borrowed an old coat, but his under-

clothes had not become entirely dry during the night and the cold, penetrating wind soon found its way to his very bones, and so chilled him that he shook as if with the ague. He seemed completely dazed and wanted to lie down. I saw it was impossible for him to go on, and with difficulty got him back to the cabin. Leaving him, I went on and overtook the others before they arrived at the creek. It was a hard tramp, right in the face of the blizzard and with the drifts many feet deep, and the snow perfectly blinding.

On reaching the creek we were unable to see across, or much more than across the channel. The ice had formed and would bear us near the shore, but it was very thin farther out and would not bear our weight. We wandered up and down the creek hoping to find a place where we could cross, but in vain. We did find two of the boards from the wagon-box we had used as a boat the previous night. With these, one lying flat on the center of the board, the other holding the end of a rope fastened about him, we tried for an hour to cross the thin ice, but the wind was against us and we were so cold and benumbed that it was impossible, and we were obliged in order to prevent freezing to return to Shippey's. I froze my cheeks so that the scar still remains while lying on a board trying to make my way across.

We spent the time till afternoon watching the weather, and the thermometer which marked 28° below zero that morning, and in drying our clothes preparatory to making another effort to reach our men towards night, when we thought the ice would be thick enough to bear our weight. We made the trip again about 3 p. m. and worked until dark with no better success, and wended our way back to Shippey's, all hope of ever finding the party alive having nearly departed, as the storm if anything had been constantly increasing all day, and the mercury showed that it was getting colder. But soon after we had returned Sergeant Harris Hoover and two of the men came in. They had traveled several miles up the creek and had found a place where they crossed, but not without breaking through the ice and getting wet. From them we learned that the men were all living,

and having improvised a windbreak by stretching a wagon-sheet and blankets over the wheels of the wagon had crawled in so close together that the animal heat had kept them alive, although suffering much from hunger and their cramped position. This news was like a stimulant to us, and we ate our bacon and bread with a relish, and obtained some much needed sleep during the night, although still anxious for our Spirit Lake detachment, but believing they must have arrived at the Colony before the storm. We had many fears for our teamster, Mr. Dawson, an old man then seventy years of age, who from the start had never spared himself or flinched from his severe duties, and for Maj. Williams, then 60 years of age. When there was no probability of crossing Cylinder Creek on Saturday night, they started back in the face of the storm, with one team, for the Colony, on the skeleton of the wagon, we having used the box as a boat.

At early dawn Monday morning (34° below zero) we went to the creek and saw the men on the other side getting ready to cross. We found the ice even over the current strong enough to bear a team and our loaded wagon, which we assisted across. I found my pony alive, though he had been exposed to the storm, with nothing to break the wind and no food or water for two days and nights. The men all reached Shippey's by 8 o'clock, and there had the first food they had eaten since Saturday noon. How they lived through those two terrible nights, wet, cold and hungry as they were, has always been a wonder to me, and still is. How the men spent those two days and nights only those who were there can tell, and no one can relate their experience better than my friend, Ex-Gov. Carpenter, whose advice and cool, deliberate judgment had much to do with saving the lives of the entire party.

A detailed and correct report of how the detachment went to the Lakes can only be made by some of those brave men who endured that terrible march, and I know of no one so well qualified to relate the incidents, following the time I left them at the crossing of the west fork of the Des Moines, as Lieut. Maxwell and Wm. K. Laughlin, whose names are

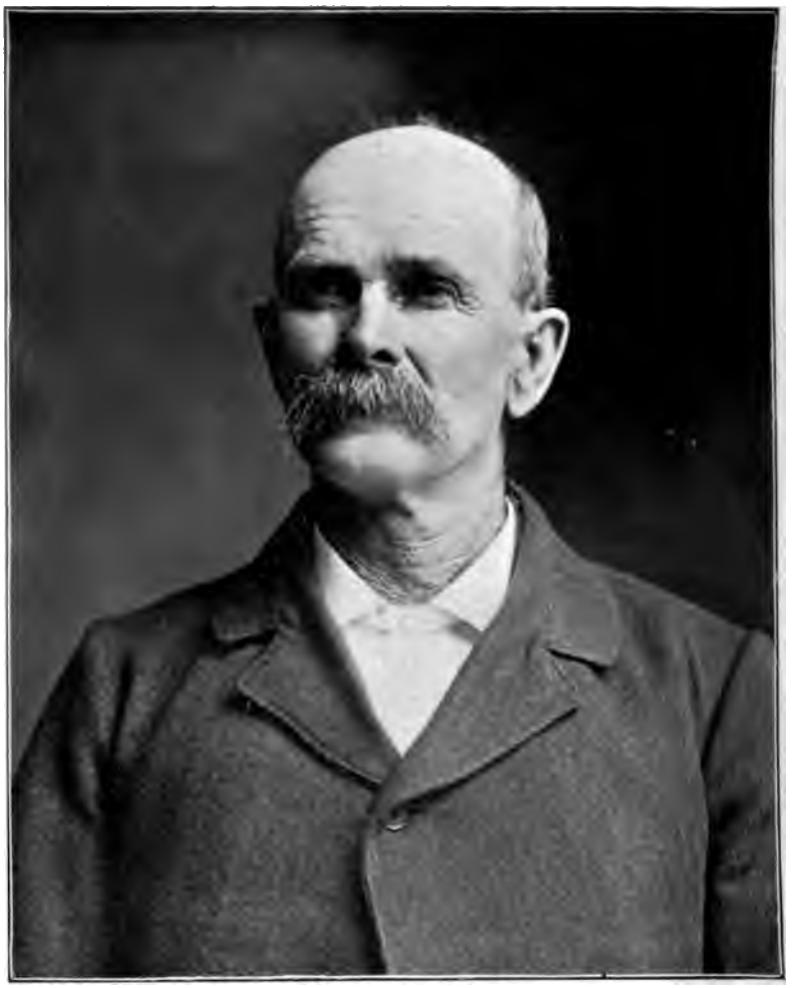
engraved on this Tablet. They can tell how after marching across the divide from the river to the lakes they visited one cabin after another only to find the dead and mutilated bodies of entire families where they had fallen when shot or brained with hatchet or club, or impaled and slashed with the knife of the heartless and cruel savage; how they as best they could collected the bodies of the slain and buried them; how, tired and hungry, they started on their return march to be met, when far out on the inhospitable prairie, by the relentless blizzard; how they passed that terrible Saturday night, wet, cold and nearly starved, with no shelter from the cutting wind and driving snow; how, when all hope was nearly gone they each made a final effort to reach the timber and shelter; how Capt. J. C. Johnson and Wm. E. Burkholder, differing with the others as to the best way to get around a pond, separated from the party, never again to see a friendly face this side of eternity; how the survivors, a few at a time, reached the protecting timber, or dug a hole in a snow-drift and there sheltered from the wind sat out the storm, and how the friends who were out from the Colony looking for them found them so exhausted, frozen and dazed, as hardly to know them; in fact a full recital of all the facts can only be given by those who experienced them.

As soon as the men had eaten their breakfast they started again on the homeward march, leaving all they could not carry for the teams to bring when they followed. We spent the first night at McKnight's Point, where Maj. Williams and our teams overtook us. From this point there was but little to do but get to the nearest settlement where food and shelter could be had, and many left the main body and made for the nearest cabins at Dakota, and on the west fork, a sufficient number remaining to assist in bad places—and thus we arrived at Fort Dodge, and for the first time in several days I removed my overcoat and had a night's rest. We had heard that some of the party who went to the Lakes had reached the Irish Colony and some had come into the river above and did not know that they were still missing—and as some were coming in individually or in small parties

for several days, we still hoped that all might have escaped. As soon as it was learned that Capt. Johnson and Wm. E. Burkholder were missing, parties were sent out who scoured the country for weeks, but without finding any trace of them, and it was years before the bones and guns of those two brave men were found where they had lain down when overcome by the piercing wind and blinding snow of that terrible blizzard, having made a desperate fight for life and traveled many miles nearly parallel with the river and timber in their vain efforts to reach the settlements.

To Maj. William Williams, an old man with wonderful powers of endurance and nerves of steel, all were attached. He endured all the hardships of the march and all the exposure and want, the same as any private, with no word of complaint. George B. Sherman of Co. A, was chosen commissary of the Expedition, and a more thankless task or one requiring more hard work no one had. To keep a hundred men from eating up all the stores for a two weeks' trip in three days was almost impossible, but he did his duty and tried to piece out our scanty rations and give each man his just share.

For the entire Expedition I have ever had a warm and brotherly feeling, but particularly for Co. A, from whom I received so many kind words, and for Lieut. John N. Maxwell, Angus McBane, Ex-Gov. C. C. Carpenter, Wm. E. Burkholder, O. C. Howe, and Rodney Smith, to whom I so often went for advice. All of them were ready and willing to do everything possible for each other and for the success of the Expedition. Many of them were then and have been through life my warm personal friends. These men, whose unselfish, generous, energetic, hard-working, toiling days and sleepless nights were spent in assisting entire strangers, could not be otherwise than good citizens, most valuable to the State and community in which they lived.



John N. Maxwell

JOHN N. MAXWELL, FIRST LIEUTENANT CO. C.

THE ADDRESS OF JOHN N. MAXWELL.*

About the middle of March, 1857, Orlando C. Howe and R. U. Wheelock of Newton, Iowa, went to Spirit Lake to look after some land they had taken up the year before. They arrived at the Lake in the night and found at the first two houses they reached the families murdered, the household goods scattered and the stock driven off—plainly the work of the Indians. They started back to Fort Dodge, arriving there on the 22d of March, and gave an account of what they had seen. Major William Williams, who had authority from the Governor of Iowa in case of trouble with the Indians to raise and equip troops to protect the northwest, proceeded to call for three companies. A messenger was sent the same day to Webster City requesting the people of Hamilton county to organize one of these companies. A meeting was held immediately and notice was sent to Homer and to the settlers on the Boone, to meet early the next morning at Webster City. The call was responded to with a will by old and young. Many of the settlers of Dickinson county having removed from here, the interest was intense and everybody seemed determined to drive the redskins from the State. At the meeting the next morning it was requested that all who were willing to go to the frontier should step out and stand in line. All stepped out. It not being necessary for more than thirty to go, the young men pushed forward claiming the privilege of going as they had no families to care for. In this way the company was made up of young men. It was at this time that our brave comrade, John C. Johnson, stepped forward and glancing down the line noticed that nearly all the states were represented. He remarked to a friend that Pennsylvania's sons should not be found wanting.

*John N. Maxwell was born near Paris, Ill., April 20, 1835. He removed to Iowa in 1854, settling three years later on his farm, a few miles southeast of Webster City, where he still resides. He was chosen 1st Lieutenant of Co. C in the Spirit Lake Expedition, and served three years as 1st Sergeant of Co. A, 32d Iowa Infantry. His address was read to the audience in the Court House, and also to the out-door gathering on that occasion.

After the thirty men were selected by my father (John D. Maxwell) and Ammon Moon, the citizens of this little town went to work at once to provide us with food, extra clothing, arms, a wagon and two yokes of oxen, giving freely from their scanty stores everything that could be of use to us. Johnson, who lived up at Bach Grove, happened into town while our meeting was in progress, and catching the spirit of the hour volunteered, sending word back to his mother, who was destined never to see him again. I would like to name all who supplied us with our outfit, but the names which come back to me with most vividness after the lapse of thirty years are those of W. C. and S. Willson, A. Moon, the Brewers, Chas. T. Fenton, S. B. Rosenkrans, the Funks, E. W. Saulsbury and B. S. Mason.

Making all necessary preparations in the forenoon, we left Webster City early in the afternoon of March 23d, and arrived at Fort Dodge in the evening, where we were welcomed by the citizens of that county who were already organized into Companies A and B under the command of Capts. Charles B. Richards and John F. Duncombe. We then proceeded to perfect the organization of Co. C by electing officers—the officers whose names you have caused to be engraved in durable brass. The three companies now numbered nearly one hundred men. Maj. William Williams was unanimously chosen our commanding officer. He was an old man, being then about sixty, but active and vigorous. He understood the habits and nature of the Indians and had good ideas of military life and affairs. By his suggestion we elected George B. Sherman acting commissary, and Dr. C. R. Bissell, surgeon—both citizens of Fort Dodge.

We left Fort Dodge March 24th, but owing to our commissary being hindered in procuring transportation, we were obliged to camp at Beaver Creek not more than four or five miles north. We now began to realize that we were soldiers. Cold, wet and hungry, we built up large camp fires, provided a hasty meal, dried our clothes as well as we could, and without tents lay down and slept soundly.

On the morning of the 25th we resumed our march, crossing the east branch of the Des Moines without difficulty and camped at Dakota City. The 26th the road became more and more difficult, in some places the snow was so deep that it was necessary to break a road before our teams could pass through. In other places it had drifted in the ravines to the depth of eight or ten feet. The only way to proceed was to wade through, stack arms, return and unhitch the teams, attach ropes to them and draw them through; then perform a similar operation with the wagons. This performance took place every mile or two, and by such slow progress that we were two days in reaching McKnight's Point on the east bank of the west branch of the Des Moines river, twelve miles from Dakota City. On the 27th we camped at McKnight's Point.

On the night of the 26th the command camped out in the prairie, but a detail under Capt. Duncombe had gone ahead to look out the road to the Point. Duncombe had been ill during the day, and became so exhausted that he had to be carried into camp, running a very close risk of losing his life.

Resuming our march on the 28th we camped that night at Shippey's. We reached the Irish Colony, Emmet county, and were well cared for by the inhabitants, who had assembled for protection in case of an attack, but were greatly relieved when we came in sight. The morning of the 30th found the command greatly refreshed, having butchered a cow that had been wintered on prairie hay. The beef was not exactly porterhouse steak, but it was food for hungry men. We left our teams which were nearly exhausted, and impressed fresh ones. We camped that night near Big Island Grove. At this place the Indians had kept a look-out in a big cedar tree that grew on an island in the middle of the lake and their camp fires were still burning. A platform had been built in this tree forty feet from the ground, from which one could easily see twenty miles. The place had probably been deserted several days, but the fire was still burning. One Indian doubtless kept watch here alone, leaving in a northwesterly direction when he abandoned the place. The

morning of the 31st the command moved out early. Ten men were sent forward as scouts. When about eight miles out we met the Springfield refugees—the Churches, Thomases, Carver and others. We went into camp and our surgeon dressed the wounds of the fleeing party. On the morning of April 1st, Major Williams sent an escort with the Springfield people back to the Irish Colony, and proceeded northwest with an advance guard ahead. We camped that night at Granger's Point, near the Minnesota line. There we learned that the United States troops from Ft. Ridgely were camped at the head of Spirit Lake and that the Indians had fled to Owl Lake, some eighteen miles away. As we were on foot and the Indians supposed to be mounted, there would be no chance of overtaking them. A council was held and it was decided to return the main part of the command to the Irish Colony and wait for the rest to come in. Twenty-six men were selected, including those having friends at the Lakes, to cross the river, proceed to that point to bury the dead, reconnoiter, and see if there were any who had escaped the Indians. I was one of the party.

On the morning of the 2d of April, under Capt. J. C. Johnson, we crossed the Des Moines river and took a south and west direction. The traveling was much better than it had been since we left Fort Dodge. It was warm and clear. About 2 o'clock we struck East Okoboji Lake on the southeast shore. The first cabin we came to was that of Mr. Thatcher. There we found the yard and prairie covered with feathers. Two dead men were lying at the rear of the house, both bodies being murderously shot in the breast. They evidently had been unarmed and everything showed that there had been no defense. From here we went to Mr. Howe's, where we found seven dead bodies. There were one old and one middle-aged man and five children—all brutally murdered. It seemed that one man had been killed by placing the muzzle of a gun against his nose and blowing his head to pieces. The other adult had simply been shot. The children had been knocked on the head. We divided into parties to bury the dead, camping for the

night near the residence of the Howe family. Old Mr. Howe was found on the 3d of April, some distance from the house, on the ice, shot through the head. We buried him on a bluff southwest of the place, some eighty rods from the house.

The next place was Mr. Mattock's. Here we found eleven dead bodies and buried them all in one grave, men, women and children. The ground was frozen, and we could only make the grave about eighteen inches deep. It was a ghastly sight. The adults had been shot, but the children's brains had been knocked out, apparently by striking them across their foreheads with heavy clubs or sticks of wood. The brains of one boy about ten years of age had been completely crushed out of his head and lay upon the ground. Every one shrank from touching them. I was in command, and feeling that I would not ask another to do a thing from which I myself revolted, I gathered the scattered fragments upon the spade and placed them all together in the grave. About forty head of cattle had been shot at this place, the carcasses split open on the back and the tenderloins removed—all that the Indians cared to carry off. The house with one dead body in it had been burned at the time. At this place it seemed to me that the only man who fought the Indians was Dr. Harriott, who formerly lived at Waterloo. He made a heroic defense, probably killing or wounding two or three Indians. He was falling back towards Granger's, evidently defending the women and children when he was finally shot himself. He still grasped his Sharp's rifle, which was empty and broken off at the breech, showing he had fallen in a hand to hand fight. I have little idea that any other man about the Lakes fired a gun at the Indians. It was simply a surprise and butchery.

From here we went to the Grangers, and found the dead body of one of the brothers of that name. He had been first shot and his head had been split open with a broad axe. He and his brother had kept a small store and the Indians had taken everything away excepting some dozen bottles of strychnine. We buried him near his own house.

The next house was Gardner's. Here were the bodies of Mr. and Mrs. Gardner, one grown up daughter and two small children in the yard and a babe in the house. We buried this family in one grave, about two rods from the house.

Tired and hungry we went into camp in a small grove at the rear of the house, with nothing to eat but potatoes. Some of our party had visited the Lake in the fall and had seen Mr. Gardner bury two bushels of potatoes in a box under his stove. These we found and roasted in the camp fire. They lasted two days.

On the morning of the 4th we completed our sad task, and without tasting food, turned our faces homeward, taking a southeast course, hoping to reach the Irish Colony the same day. In the forenoon it was quite warm, melting the snow, and consequently traveling was very difficult. We were obliged to wade sloughs waist deep, or go miles around and run the risk of losing the course. We were wet to the shoulders, and while in this fearful condition the wind changed. About four o'clock a blizzard was fairly upon us. In a short time our clothes were frozen stiff. Many of us cut holes in our boots to let the water out, and several pulled their boots off and were unable to get them on again. Up to this time the detachment had kept together. About sundown we came to a township corner placed there a year before. Laughlin and I wanted to be governed by the pit. While we were talking part of the detachment came up and passed us some distance to the right. Those who happened to be with Laughlin and myself stopped on a piece of dry ground close to the township corner, determined to remain near it all night, lest in the night we should lose our course as shown by the corner. We marched back and forth all night long. When a comrade would fall others would help him to his feet, encourage and force him to keep moving as the only hope, for no living being could survive an hour in such a storm without hard exercise.

Capt. Johnson's party, led by a trapper, became a little separated from us by a slough, where they found a dry place

and commenced pacing back and forth as we were doing. They were within speaking distance of us. They stayed there all night, but in the morning took a southeast direction, while we went east. They seemed to have perfect confidence in the old trapper's knowledge of the country.

During the night some of our men begged to lie down, claiming that it was useless to try to keep up any longer, as the ice on their clothes gave them fearful annoyance. But the more hopeful would not consent to any one giving up. In this distressed condition we traveled up and down that path all night. One man by the name of Henry Carse, from Princeton, Illinois, had taken his boots off in the evening and wrapped his feet in pieces of blanket. He succeeded in getting along as well as the rest during the night, but in the morning when we went on the ice to break a road, his feet became wet and the wraps worn out. I stayed with him until within three or four miles of the Des Moines river, when I became satisfied that he could not get there as his mind had failed. Every time I would bring him up he would turn away in another direction. Finally, Henry Dalley came along and succeeded in getting him to the river, which was three miles from the Irish Colony. We had no matches, but some of the party succeeded in striking a fire by saturating a damp wad with powder and shooting it into the weeds. Henry Carse was now unconscious and the blood was running from his mouth. We cut the rags from his feet and the skin came off the soles of his feet with the rags. As soon as the fire was well going, Laughlin and I being the least disabled, determined to try and cross the river and reach the settlement for help. We walked to the middle of the river, laid poles over the weak ice and crawled over. We reached the Irish Colony, and sent back help to the rest of the party. I went to sleep soon after entering a warm room and did not awaken until the next day, when I took some nourishment and started on to overtake the command under Maj. Williams, which had been detained at Cylinder Creek. In the morning C. C. Carpenter tried to get a guide to go and help search for Johnson and his friend Burk-

holder, but failed. As we left the Colony I looked back and saw Carpenter going down the river to see if they had struck it anywhere below.

At Cylinder Creek the party broke up into squads, each reaching his home as best he could, and all of us more or less demoralized. Laughlin and I came by the way of Fort Dodge, while Frank Mason and some of the others came across north of here. Most of us had our ears and feet frozen, but we only lamented the loss of the slain settlers, and of our comrades Johnson and Burkholder, whose precious lives had been given for the relief of the helpless. It has always been a wonder to me that we did not leave the bones of more of our comrades to bleach with theirs on those wild and trackless prairies.

FRANK R. MASON'S* RECOLLECTIONS.

The following paper, prepared by Mr. Mason, was not read at the time, but was published a few days later with the "Tablet Day" proceedings, of which it forms a proper part.

The morning after arriving at the Irish Colony, Maj. Williams selected ten of the strongest men from the company to scout the country north, northeast and northwest for Indians and Indian signs. Our stock of provisions consisted of about forty pounds of coarse corn meal and twenty pounds of flour. I was one of the ten men selected. Lieut. Maxwell, Messrs. Church, Thatcher and Hathway† were also of the company. I do not recollect the names of the other five. Maj. Williams ordered corn bread prepared for us. Each man was allotted a piece about the size of a common skimmer, and not much thicker. This was to be his ration for three days. Being very hungry when my portion was given me, I resolved that the easiest and most convenient way of carrying it would be to eat it, which I did with a relish. We took our departure from the command about six o'clock in the morning, and a beautiful morning it was. The snow at that time was more than two feet deep. We took a northeasterly direction, and

*Frank R. Mason was born in Cummington, Hampshire county, Mass., March 27, 1836. He removed to Webster City (then Newcastle, Webster county) Iowa, in Nov. 1855. Upon the organization of Co. C of the Spirit Lake Expedition he was elected 2d lieutenant. He is still (1898) a resident of Webster City.

†A. N. Hathway was born in Windsor, Mass., in 1834. He came to Webster City in 1855 or '56. Upon the organization of Co. C of the Spirit Lake Expedition, he was elected corporal. These papers show that he bore his full share of peril and suffering. He visited his native state in the winter of 1860-61, and in the spring enlisted in Co. I, 15th Mass. Infantry, "for three years or during the war." He was with his command in many severe battles and was killed at Gettysburg.

Frank R. Mason

FRANK R. MASON, SECOND LIEUTENANT CO. C.

traveled about twelve miles that forenoon, when we reached a hill and Lieut. Maxwell ordered us to halt. We scraped the snow from the hill-top and there the boys dined. Having eaten my dinner for breakfast, I could only look on. Lieut. Maxwell, with his natural tact, suggested that I act as sentry, while the others ate; accordingly I stationed myself a few rods from the men. Looking directly north I discerned an object in the distance, which at that time appeared a mere black spot on the horizon. After observing it closely for several minutes I became satisfied that it was a moving object, and called Lieut. Maxwell's attention to it. We put our ramrods in line with it and sighted. We soon concluded that it must be a band of Indians. A consultation was held immediately, and it was decided that we should meet them as quickly as possible. The band of Indians (as we then supposed the object to be) must have been about two miles away. About half-way between us and them there was a small creek bordered with willows, which we wished to reach before they did, as we did not want to give them the advantage of ambush. Therefore it was a race, long legs coming into active service. Church and Hathway being short and somewhat stocky did more rolling than walking. We succeeded in passing the bushes, and as we ascended a knoll we beheld what appeared to be red-skins. After a hasty examination of our arms and ammunition, we made ready for a fight. Presently the band opposite halted, and prepared to defend themselves. We remained in this position a few moments, awaiting Lieut. Maxwell's order to fire. Every man was eager for the fray, some of the boys expressing their surprise that our worthy commander did not give the order at once. We were ordered to advance until we were within twenty rods of the party and then halt. Suddenly, Mr. Church (whose station was next to me) sprang forward and exclaimed: "My God, there's my wife and babies!" We then discovered our mistake. The supposed redskins were white refugees. Such a heartrending scene as was then presented, I never witnessed. The relatives and friends of those refugees had supposed they were dead, and this unexpected meeting was one never to be forgotten. It was at this time that Mr. Thatcher was told of the probable fate of his wife and child. A number of the party were wounded and in terrible condition. Mr. Thomas was traveling with his hand dangling by the cords of his arm, having been shot through the wrist. It now began to rain.

Lieut. Maxwell ordered me to return to the main body as quickly as I could and inform Maj. Williams of our discovery. I ran every step of the way, about eight miles, and was seen by the company when two miles from them. Captains Duncombe and Richards came to meet me. Maj. Williams soon came up and I told him my story; a brief consultation followed, and the Major ordered me to return to the refugees, in company with Captains Duncombe and Richards and the surgeon. It was now about four o'clock. We made a quick march, arriving at the camp at nine p. m. The remainder of the company came up at twelve o'clock. When we reached camp it was storming furiously, and the scene that greeted us was terrible to behold. Men, women and children, some wounded and all in a starving condition, with no fire, no covering except wet blankets, and worse than all, no food. We were a sad company. Every man was as silent as the grave. Many of us were then feeling the effects of exposure and hunger. The next morning we started without breakfast and marched until about four p. m., when we went into camp and had a scanty meal prepared from a small quantity of flour which we found buried in a stable. We started on our march the next day about daylight and continued until sundown, expecting to see Indians at any moment, as their camp fires were burning where we camped last. We halted that night where now stands the town of Estherville. As we were going into camp a mounted horseman approached us from the north, who proved to be one of the U. S. soldiers

from Fort Ridgely, Minnesota. He informed us that the company to which he belonged was at Springfield, Minnesota, and that the Indians had killed or taken prisoners all the settlers at the Lakes, and had left the place two or three days before. Hearing this a noble band of men volunteered to go forward to the Lakes and bury the dead. Lieut. Maxwell has given an account of this march.

The next morning we began our homeward journey. Many were sick, snow-blind and nearly naked, with no boots or shoes, and some were barefoot. I well remember my comrade, Mr. Brizee, on that day's march. We were far behind the rest of the company, and he was discouraged and somewhat deranged, while I was so fatigued and sick that I could hardly move. We plodded along until about three o'clock in the afternoon, when a blizzard set in from the northwest. Brizee begged of me not to leave him on the prairie alone. I assured him that I would stay with him and if it came to the worst we would perish together. Darkness came on, and we had not seen our company for some hours. My comrade was determined to lie down, but I urged him to keep moving, which he did for a time, but finally sank down exhausted. Not being able to carry him, I lay down also, wrapping our blankets around us and never expecting to see the sun rise again. Some time after, I was aroused by being shaken. I could hardly believe my senses on awakening. Not finding us in camp, our lamented friend, Newton Hathway, had come in search of us, facing that dreadful storm. He found us about two miles from the company and I fully believe that nothing less than Divine Providence directed him to us on that awful night. We arose and he guided us to camp.

Next morning we started for the Irish Colony. The day was fine and the snow thawing rapidly. We got on very well until we reached a creek which was much swollen by the thaw. It was very deep and about ten rods wide. At this time there occurred the first insubordination among the men. As neither the Captain nor Lieutenant was with us I was in command of Co. C. I was driving the team, which consisted of three yokes of oxen. When we came to the creek we found the water deep and cold, and every man wanted to ride across; but the team was already heavily laden, and feeling sure the oxen would have to swim, I refused and the boys plunged in and got to the other side someway. I managed to get the oxen into the water, and when I reached the middle of the stream where the oxen had to swim, the middle team turned around so that four oxen were going one way and two the other. I called for help, but no response came; therefore I was obliged to get out into the stream, take the yoke from the oxen and get to shore without assistance. We resumed our march and that night camped at the Irish Colony. Many of us slept in an abandonded hog pen, the rest sat around the camp fire. Maj. Williams had asked me that evening if I knew of anything in our supplies to cook. I answered "yes," as I remembered having a small amount of flour. About four o'clock in the morning I put the kettle on the fire and heating the water to the boiling point, stirred in the flour and boiled it continuously for two hours. About the time I took it from the fire, Comrade Howland came crawling out of the hog pen and asked for something to eat. I told him that this was all the food we had or were likely to have for some days, and that it must be equally divided among ninety men. The poor boy burst into tears, saying, "Frank, I'm starving to death." I could not refuse him after this, and I gave him his plateful of this villainous mixture, worse than melted lead—the stomach of a mule could not have digested it.

The morning was bright and warm and the snow melted rapidly. About nine o'clock, however, the rain began to fall in torrents and continued until late in the afternoon. We arrived at Cylinder Creek about four o'clock. This ordinarily, was a small stream, but the descending rain and melting snow had swollen it to the dimensions of a large river. We were now

drenched to the skin and as the wind had shifted to the northwest it rapidly grew cold, and before many minutes our clothes were frozen stiff. We were very scantily dressed—few of the men having more than an under shirt and a pair of pants. I fared as well as any of them and all I had to brave that fearful storm with, was a flannel shirt, a pair of pants with one leg torn off at the knee and the seam in the other ripped from top to bottom, and one boot with the leg cut off. the mate having been burned a few days previous. We began to look around for a place to sleep. Some of the boys spread their blankets upon the ground and arranged themselves "spoon fashion." Brizee, Howland, Hathway and myself lay behind the hind wheels of a wagon. We got through the night, but I hardly know how, as the mercury was over 30° below zero. We were all glad to see daylight, but many did not dare to crawl out of their blankets that day. The poor boys were almost freezing and some of them were becoming delirious. I think we were all more or less insane during a part of that terrible night. Brizee would frequently put his face to mine and beg me to "go down the creek, only half a mile, where there was a big hotel, where we could get a warm breakfast with hot coffee." When I would tell him it was only a dream he would sob like a child and still insist that we must go. After daylight I fell into a doze, and dreamed that I was at my dear old mother's home, that I had been away and had come home hungry, and that she and a favorite sister prepared some toast for me. I can see them now as I saw them then.

The next morning was still and bright. Mr. Howland and myself concluded to cross the creek. We staggered to our frozen feet and arm in arm hobbled toward the stream. All eyes were upon us as we went out upon the ice. We began to feel encouraged but when we neared the center of the creek we found a space of open water, about thirty feet wide and very deep. We had resolved, however, never to return to that camp again, and looking up the stream we saw a clump of willows and went up to them. Here we found that ice had floated down, lodged against the willows and frozen there, thus forming a complete bridge. After passing the channel we signaled back, when a truly joyous shout went up from those poor half insane boys. I will here state that there was not a man among our number—about 80—who had strength enough to reach the opposite shore. I do not understand why they were so affected, the trouble seemed to be weakness and a shortness of breath. Every man's mouth was open wide, his tongue hanging out, and in some instances blood running from nose or mouth. Shippey's cabin, where Major Williams, Captains Duncombe and Richards and Private Smith had been during the storm, was two and a half miles southeast of the creek. Howland and I kept together until we reached the cabin, and were among the last to arrive. He being the stronger, had rendered me considerable assistance, for which, I now after thirty years, thank him most sincerely. Maj. Williams met us with great tears streaming down his furrowed cheeks, and those who had remained at the cabin rendered us all the assistance in their power.

We soon devoured the provisions given to us and all sank down in the warmth of the sun and slept. We were allowed to sleep till about three o'clock p. m., when we were aroused from our slumbers and a consultation was held. It was decided to disband, separate into small squads, and strike out for the nearest settlement. Every man was ordered to leave all baggage except blankets. We all did so except my friend Hathway (brother of George and Miss Hathway, of this city), and he being deranged left his rifle, blanket, &c., but gathered up a lot of rubbish which was useless to him and everyone else. As I had been as far north as the head timber on Lot's Creek the summer before, I was detailed to pilot our Webster City men across the prairie to that point, about eighteen miles from us.

After bidding adieu to our comrades we took up our march in a south-

easterly direction. Immediately after starting, our friend Hathway took the back track. When we were about half a mile from him I went back to where he stood and putting my hand upon his shoulder urged him to come with us, but his eyes fairly flashed fire as he resolutely refused. I signaled for help and John Gates came to my assistance—a tower of strength and manliness, a man who never flinched from the performance of a duty. We approached Hathway, the fire had disappeared from his eyes, and he fell into our willing arms nearly helpless. John and I carried him almost every rod of the way by taking turns. Occasionally he would arouse from his stupor, at such times we would cross our hands together, forming a seat for him, but when he was too weak to sit erect we would take him in our arms or upon our backs. About dark the boys all complained of hunger and exhaustion, and often asked me how far it was to the timber. I admit I prevaricated some, telling them the distance was much less than I really thought it was. I had learned that a person could imagine seeing anything he wished at night on the prairie. I looked to the southeast and asked the men if they could not see the timber; they looked also and in a few moments all exclaimed, "Frank, you are right!" But this was merely imagination. We struggled along until about 11 o'clock, when we reached the timber. Then came the question I had so much dreaded: "Frank, where is the house you told us about?" I was somewhat confused as no house could be seen. We ascended a little elevation about eighty rods south of the grove, scraped away the snow and otherwise prepared to remain there during the balance of the night. We had nothing to eat and were nearly naked. Exhausted and discouraged, heart-sick and freezing, the boys lay down upon the snow-clad ground to rest and sleep. I was blamed for not leading them to the house. I lay on the ground also, with my hand supporting my head. I felt that I had assumed too much, but that the reprimand was uncalled for, and I cried like a child. I thought I could never forgive those who said the many unkind things, which pierced my heart like a dagger. But thank God, I did forgive them, and that too, before another day. Yes, comrades, all of you, I do not in my bosom entertain any feeling toward you except brotherly love!

We were there on the ground probably an hour when I heard a woman's voice. I feared my senses were leaving me and that it was only a delusion, but she spoke again, asking who we were. I told her and explained our condition and asked her name and where she lived. She proved to be a Mrs. Sarah W. Collins, and lived only a little way north of us. She and her husband had been to a neighbor's and in returning home had accidentally found us. I asked if she would give us something to eat and a place in her house for Hathway and Emery Gates who had given out two hours before. She answered me in these words: "We will do all we can for thee!" God bless these Quaker wives! I have one myself.

After we arrived at their house, a fire was soon started, and as the room began to warm, Hathway and Gates fainted. Mr. Collins put them on the bed and ministered to their wants. Mrs. Collins' larder seemed to be well supplied with flour, meat and molasses, and she immediately commenced to bake biscuits and fry meat. The biscuits and meat with molasses, made the grandest meal I ever ate. After we had satisfied our hunger, Mrs. Collins turned her attention to our sick comrades, nursing them until morning. We slept in the loft of the cabin that night and rested well. The next morning we were out early, but Mrs. Collins had already prepared our breakfast. We ate heartily and were then in joyous spirits, as our hunger was appeased and we were only forty miles from home. We made arrangements with Mr. and Mrs. Collins to take care of Gates and Hathway until they were able to be moved; but these good people were unwilling to accept any compensation for their services. In behalf of my comrades—some living and some dead—I thank Mr. and Mrs. Elwood Collins, and may God bless them always!

We spoke a few cheering words to Hathway and Gates and then started on our homeward journey. We pushed rapidly forward until we came to the east fork of the Des Moines river. The ice had broken up and had partly gone. But the water was so deep along the edges, that we were unable to reach the ice that had not been carried away by the current. We went south (we were now between Lot's Creek and Bloody Run) and waded Bloody Run, but found no place to cross the river. We retraced our steps and went north to Lot's Creek, which we waded. We then found a place in the river where the ice had come down and formed what is commonly called "a jam;" we quickly crossed and I cannot describe our joy after getting safely over. We were now getting hungry. In our haste of departure from the Collins house we had forgotten to take a lunch, which I know Mr. and Mrs. Collins would have gladly given us.

We again resumed our march and about four o'clock came in sight of Boone river timber. It had never looked so good before and we felt that we were at home. We were now about two miles from the Cosort farm and our progress was very slow. We ascended a knoll and made a halt for rest. Darkness came on. Candles were lighted in the farm house and we mustered our courage to make another effort to reach this refuge. I told the men one of my best stories, of which, in those days, I had a goodly supply. It seemed to stimulate us and we pushed on with all our energy. We walked and crawled on our hands and knees, and in this manner succeeded in reaching Cosort's house about 10 o'clock. The family were all in bed. We aroused them and the first person who came to the door was Mr. Wesley Camp, of this town, who was spending the night there on his return from a trip to the north. He seemed to be much surprised and did not recognize any of us, though in a lighted room. He at once went to the stable and mounting his horse rode to Webster City, aroused the people and told them that he had seen the survivors of the Spirit Lake Expedition; that all but nine were dead, and who these nine were he could not tell. Of course, all who had friends in the Expedition feared they were lost.

Mrs. Cosort prepared supper for us, and after eating we went to bed, but not to sleep, as our frozen limbs pained us so we could not lie still. We arose early next morning, and as Mr. Cosort was coming to town with his team and wagon, we paid our bill and started, feeling as well as circumstances would permit, and arrived at the Willson (now the Hamilton House) about 11 o'clock a. m. Mr. Cosort demanded from us the sum of $14.50 for the twelve-mile ride. Most, if not all, of the men borrowed the money to pay him. This climate soon after became distasteful to him and he left the country. Our friends met us at the end of our journey, and with hearty good-will welcomed us home again.

A PAPER BY MICHAEL SWEENEY.

Michael Sweeney of Webster City, while temporarily residing in Colorado, wrote and forwarded this paper to the committee in charge of the programme on "Tablet Day." It was read by Hon. Wesley Martin. Mr. Sweeney was born near the town of Rathkeale, Ireland, in 1828; he died suddenly in Fremont township, two miles from Webster City, May 12, 1888. He had acquired a handsome fortune and had served as sheriff and treasurer of Hamilton county.

It was the 22d day of March, 1857, that one of the two men, who brought word of the massacre to Fort Dodge, came to our little town and reported things as they found them at Spirit Lake. A meeting was called

for that same evening, at our schoolhouse. The people turned out generally, and at the meeting the messenger stated what they had seen at the Lake, a description of which would require more time and space than this sketch will permit me to give. It was decided at once to call for volunteers to form a company to go to the relief of those yet living on the frontier, and bury the dead bodies still lying on the ground, and, if possible, to overtake the perpetrators of those atrocious crimes. It did not require any persuasion to find volunteers. That same night quite a number enrolled themselves, and by nine o'clock next morning—the 23d—the company was prepared to start as far as the men were concerned. But the next undertaking was to equip us with a team, provisions and camping outfits, all of which were furnished cheerfully by the few inhabitants of our little Webster City of that day. And let me say right here, on behalf of our people—that each one seemed to try, if possible, to outdo his neighbor in furnishing provisions and "comforters," and to do all in his power to give the boys a "good send off." It was my good fortune to have been spending the previous winter in the family of Mrs. W. C. Willson, and this kind-hearted lady did as much to fit me out comfortably as if I had been a brother.

At one o'clock on the 23d of March, 1857, all was ready, and we left for Fort Dodge, where we arrived that night. There was great excitement at Fort Dodge, as there were two companies organized in that town; Co. A, commanded by Captain C. B. Richards, and Co. B, by Capt. John F. Duncombe—both residents of Fort Dodge. On the morning of the 24th we organized Co. C, by electing J. C. Johnson, captain; J. N. Maxwell, 1st lieutenant; Frank R. Mason, 2d lieutenant; Harris Hoover, orderly sergeant; A. N. Hathway, corporal. The names of the "high privates" you may read where you have caused them to be engraved upon the durable brass. George B. Sherman was acting commissary of the Expedition, and Dr. C. R. Bissell surgeon. We had enrolled in the three companies about one hundred men, and as commander of the Expedition, Major William Williams, who was then sixty years old, was unanimously chosen. As events afterwards demonstrated, this was the best selection that could have been made. The Major was very active for a man of his years, very courteous to his men, but he enforced his orders with military discipline. He was always with his men, and endured the same privations as the rest of us.

So, being finally organized, we left Fort Dodge March 24th, in the afternoon, and camped a few miles above on Beaver creek, our baggage wagons having been delayed for some cause. This was our first night camping out, and our first experience playing soldier. As we were near a settler's place we got along comfortably in hay stacks and cattle sheds, as shelter from the freezing cold of the night. On the morning of the 25th we resumed our march bright and early and made Dakota City that day, some eight or ten miles, where we camped for the night and fared pretty well, having labored hard all day, wading deep drifts of snow to break the roads for our teams. Sometimes we were compelled to pull our teams out of snow-drifts, by hitching a large rope provided for that purpose around the horns of the oxen, and pulling them over one at a time on their sides. After pulling out the teams, we then pulled the wagons through the snow! It took the whole brigade to do this. So, by repeating such performances several times a day, when night came the boys were exhausted and slept well.

We left Dakota City on the 26th for McKnight's Point. There were no signs of a road having been traveled that winter. The snow was getting much deeper, so the command to "stack arms" was more frequent. We formed in two files, each file walking so as to break down a place for the teams to travel. But for all that, we were compelled to pull the teams

through by main strength. Our progress was very slow from Dakota City on the 26th, owing to the deep snow—so that it was deemed advisable that Capt. Duncombe and Lieut. Maxwell go ahead of the command and select the best route possible. There was no difficulty in following their trail, as at nearly every step they broke through to their knees. About sun-down we were not more than half way to McKnight's Point, where there was a grove of timber. The Major called a halt, and put it to a vote whether we should camp where we were, or still persist in getting to the Point. A majority voted to camp where we were, although several preferred to keep on, fearing we would freeze to death anyway, and that it was as well to keep moving. We were on the bleak prairie, with no fire to cook anything, and had had nothing to eat since our breakfast. We had no tents to shelter us; so, to many the outlook was extremely forbidding, but all acquiesced in the will of the majority. Our company went by themselves, piled our provisions out on the snow where the cattle couldn't get to them, chained our oxen to the wheels, took off our wagon top from the box, and turned it on its side to break off the wind. We took our wagon cover and stretched it from the box to the running gears of the wagon and then piled in under that cover between the box and running gears. We put our oil-cloth coats on the snow, placed what bedding we had over the coats, and took off our wet boots and put them under our heads. In that way I slept as soundly as I ever have, and not one suffered seriously from the cold. We ate for supper crackers and raw ham, and had the same for breakfast. In the morning early we broke camp and reached McKnight's Point in the afternoon of the 27th, where we found our guides, Capt. Duncombe and Lieut. Maxwell, who had come very near losing their lives through sheer exhaustion.

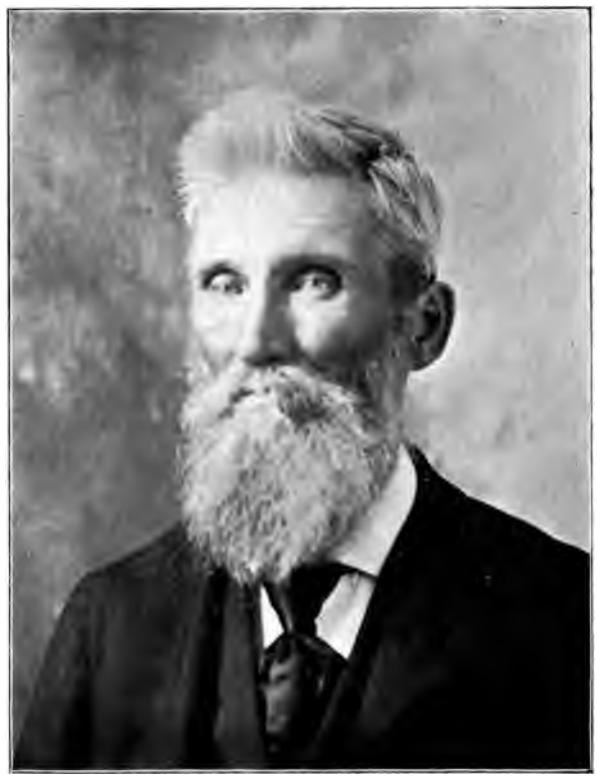
While at McKnight's Point we camped in an unfinished log house, where we cooked and ate to our heart's content. It was here that our worthy 2d lieutenant, who also acted as cook, is said to have performed a wonderful feat, "on a bet," that, in baking pancakes he could throw one off the spider out through a hole in the roof of the house, so high that he could get out of doors and catch it right side up on the spider; but somehow the cake never appeared, and Frank declared it was "going yet!"

On the 28th all answered roll call, and the Major was among the nimblest. He made a short speech, saying he had heard some mutterings of dissatisfaction; that he was well aware that the trip so far was a hard one, but that a soldier's life was a hard one anyway, and that they should take that into consideration. He also told the command that all they had gone through was child's play compared to what was ahead of them, and that he would now give all who did not cheerfully desire to go through to the end an opportunity to return home. At a word of command some nine or ten stepped out and started for home, but I shall omit their names. The command then started on northward. We reached the mouth of Cylinder Creek on the night of the 28th, where we camped. On the 29th we reached "the Irish Colony," some dozen families, who had moved in the fall before and settled together in a grove on the east side of the Des Moines river, about a mile north of the town of Emmetsburg. Here our forces were augmented by volunteers to the number of 125 men, and we also exchanged our worn-out ox-teams for fresh ones. On the morning of the 30th, we started north, but went only six or seven miles when our advance guard, who were a mile or so ahead, saw coming toward them what they took to be a party of Indians. But very soon it was evident they were fugitives—men, women and children fleeing from the scene of butchery and bloodshed. Among these fugitives were Mrs. W. L. Church and sister, and Mrs. Dr. Strong, with a young babe, whose husband deserted her in the night-time by escaping through an opening in the roof

of the cabin that was besieged by the Indians—where Mrs. Church showed such coolness and courage. We met Dr. Strong at the Irish Colony, but he did not volunteer to go with us, which was very well for him, as the men who were with the fugitives were aware of his treachery and arrant cowardice. If they had met him with us, in the frame of mind they were in, I am sure they would have shot him on the spot. His wife refused to live with him again. Among the fugitives some were badly wounded—Miss Swanger had been shot through the shoulder, and all were hungry and suffering. These scenes can never be forgotten by those of us who saw them out on the bleak, snow-clad prairie. These people also mistook our scouts for Indians, and thought their time had come.

We camped that night near the place where we met the fugitives, and provided for their wants. The next day, the 31st, we started north and the fugitives went on to the Irish Colony. We fully realized that we were now in the Indian country, and Major Williams, with his long experience among the redskins, took every precaution to guard against a surprise. We camped at Big Island Lake, where we found fresh signs of Indians. We reached Granger's Grove, on the Des Moines river, close to the Minnesota state line, that night, where the disappointing news reached us that the Indians had left the place some five days before, and that a detachment of United States mounted troops, sixty in number, were then quartered at Springfield. Our whole company was sorely disappointed. After having undergone such privations, we hoped that even though we were not in time to relieve the distressed settlers, we might be able to mete out to their murderers and torturers the justice they so richly merited. Our provisions by this time were running short, from the fact that owing to the deep snow all the way, it had taken us longer to reach our destination than was expected. The men were so eager to follow the Indians, and leave the teams where they were, each man taking what provisions he could carry, that Maj. Williams offered twenty-five dollars a hundred for a few sacks of flour. But the settlers had only a part of a load of flour, and did not know when any more could be had. The Major refused to exercise military authority and take it by force, and on the morning of the 2d of April he sent twenty-five men under Capt. Johnson to bury the dead at Spirit Lake. Capt. Johnson and Comrade Burkholder most unfortunately perished while returning after performing this sad duty.

After the party started for Spirit Lake the remainder returned to the Irish Colony. This occupied two days. We were to meet the Spirit Lake detail at this place, but they had not yet arrived. During the night we were at the Colony it rained very hard, so that with the melting snow all the small creeks overflowed their banks. The third day of our return trip we traveled through a drenching rain from the Colony to Cylinder Creek, which was dry when we went up a few days before. It was now more than bank full and had the appearance of a very large river. In some places it was eleven feet deep. It was about two o'clock p. m. when we reached the place; the rain had ceased, and the wind changed to the northwest. The first move suggested was to improvise a ferry-boat out of the lightest wagon-bed. A "comforter" was torn up and the cotton batting used for caulking —the work superintended by Captains Duncombe and Richards. When completed the craft was launched with the above named captains and a very few others, but it was not "seaworthy," and soon showed signs of swamping, so that with the wind blowing hard and the vessel leaking, it was plain to the rest of us that we could not cross that day. There was nothing left but to take off the wagon bows and the wagon sheets and fix for camping. There was scarcely anything left to eat, so we had no use for fire. Neither could we get any fuel, for we could not reach the timber on the river. In most places the water spread out a mile from the river. All were glad to see the craft land safely on the other side, though it was well



W. K. Laughlin

PRIVATE WILLIAM K. LAUGHLIN.

settled down in the water. It was now about four o'clock p. m., and Major Williams detailed the writer and a few others to go back to the Colony to make some inquiry for the Spirit Lake party. We reached the Colony that night, but there were no signs of the boys arriving. The next morning the Major purchased a beef, ordering me to take charge and dress it and go to cooking, so as to have it ready to feed Johnson and his men when they should arrive. These orders were carried out by staying up all night. No flour was to be had in the settlement, and no groceries, so that meat was all there was to eat. Along towards morning of the second night we heard dogs barking and human voices coming through the timber. The night was very dark. Among the comers were William K. Laughlin, Elias Kellogg and John N. Maxwell—all nearly stupefied from cold and hunger. Mr. Laughlin seemed more collected than his associates, and requested that a squad of men be sent out to meet the others who were behind, but could not travel. We secured all the help that could be mustered and went out, with very little success. Some were lost in the timber farther south. Years afterwards the bodies of Capt. Johnson and Burkholder were found some eight miles south of the Colony, on the west side of the river while the Colony was on the east side. When the whitened bones of those two brave men were at last found, they were identified by their guns and powder flasks. All of Co. C that could be mustered attended their funeral at Fort Dodge, which was conducted in part by Major Williams. The remains of Capt. Johnson were taken charge of by Angus McBane and sent to Pennsylvania to his mother for burial at his old home. After the comers had rested a little we started for Cylinder Creek. The command had all gone. They had remained in camp until the water froze over so the stream could be crossed. Some were badly frozen while in camp here. The command was badly demoralized after leaving Cylinder Creek. Some of our boys struck southeast for home, and reached Boone river at the Okeson place ten miles north of Webster City, while the rest of us came home by way of Fort Dodge. We were gone in all some eighteen days. . . . In conclusion, allow me to say that I regret sincerely my inability to be present on the 12th of August to help celebrate the event which brings you together. I thank you most heartily and sincerely, both for myself and Co. C for this truly magnificent memorial.

THE NARRATIVE OF W. K. LAUGHLIN.*

On Sunday evening, March 22, 1857, news came to Fort Dodge from Webster City that the settlers at Spirit Lake had been massacred. A meeting was called at once to form a company to go to their rescue, if any were living, and to protect the intervening settlements. At noon on Monday our company was organized, fully equipped, and we started for Fort Dodge to join another company forming there. A wagon drawn by two or three yokes of oxen conveyed our provisions and camp outfit. We

*William K. Laughlin was born near Paris, Illinois, Dec. 25, 1831. He settled in Newcastle (afterwards Webster City, Iowa) in Nov., 1855. Aside from his service in the Spirit Lake Expedition, in which he was one of the most active and efficient men, he enlisted in Co. A, 32d Iowa Infantry, Aug. 11, 1862, serving a few days more than three years. He held several non-commissioned offices. On his return from the army he settled near Fort Dodge, but removed in 1894 to Thayer, Mo., where he now (1898) resides.

reached Fort Dodge about nine in the evening. Twenty miles without a halt was good marching considering the roads; as all old settlers will remember the snow was deeper than has ever been known since and had just thawed enough to give way under foot. At Fort Dodge we found two other companies in readiness. Major Williams, notwithstanding his age, was chosen commander on account of his experience in dealing with the Indians on the frontier.

By noon on Monday we were all on the move up the Des Moines, but our progress was very slow and we did not reach Dakota in Humboldt county until about sunset Tuesday. From Dakota our line of march was on the east side of the west fork of the Des Moines river. Here we were soon on a trackless prairie, with snow from two to three feet on a level, to five and ten in drifts and low depressions. Our best men were placed in front ranks to open the way, being relieved at intervals by others. Through the deepest drifts and ravines we had to attach cable ropes to the wagons and the whole command join if necessary to pull them through. I well remember at one deep cut, so many were at the ropes that a pair of oxen attached to one of the wagons was nearly suspended by their yoke swinging on the cable. The afternoon of that day was cloudy and a storm threatening and we failed to reach McKnight's Point as expected, and had to camp on the prairie without fire or shelter, where we took our cold supper and snow beds without a complaint. Next day about noon we reached McKnight's Point. Here we found deserted houses, and Co. C, soldier-like, took possession of one. We spent the rest of the day here, and had warm meals. E. W. Gates was our chief cook and an expert in that line of soldiering, and to correct a little bit of history, I will say it was of Gates that one of our lieutenants told the story that he was such an adept at turning griddle cakes that he could throw one out through an opening in the roof of the cabin run outside and catch it the other side up on the griddle; and I will say further, that if this was done Gates was the man who could do it. Well, we had cakes at any rate and a grand, good time.

From here to Shippey's next day we found better traveling.

Sunday, the 29th, was a beautiful, clear day; snow melted until long stretches of bare ground could be found, and we made the longest march of any day since leaving Fort Dodge, reaching the Irish Colony sixteen miles from Shippey's. Here all the settlers for many miles above and below the river had collected for company during the long, tedious winter. They knew nothing of the massacre at Spirit Lake until after the news was received at Fort Dodge, though they were only about thirty-five miles away; they were living in little log cabins and dugouts and seemed very destitute; most of them had only been there since the summer and fall before and had raised nothing.

The Monday following we moved up near Big Island Grove. Tuesday Major Williams sent out scouting parties to reconnoitre among the many small lakes there, and discovered the first signs of the Indians where they had been cutting holes in the ice and taking out fish, but judging from the decomposed state of the fish it had been several days since they had been there. Late that afternoon we met that heroic band of refugees from Springfield, Minnesota, where they made a gallant defense, drove the savages back and were fleeing from their homes, destitute, having left everything but the clothes they had on. Their only conveyance was a sled drawn by a pair of oxen, and they were nearly starved. Here we camped and did all we could to make them comfortable.

The fight at Springfield was on the Thursday previous and Maj. Williams was sure we could overtake the Indians, so the next day we went on to Granger's and there learned that the U. S. regulars from Fort Ridgely had given them a short chase and let them get away. Here our supplies

were almost gone, and all streams were at their highest stage, so Maj. Williams decided it was useless to go farther. He called for a volunteer detail to go over to Okoboji settlement to bury the dead, as the U. S. troops had failed to do this. Our detail comprised twenty-three men under Capt. Johnson and Lieut. Maxwell. Capt. Richards started with us, but his horse could not get over the river. The rest were to go back as far as the Irish Colony and wait until we returned. We separated from the main column with rations for two days, on the morning of April 2, and reached Mr. Thatcher's house on east Okoboji about two p. m. We found the door shut and only cook stoves and bedsteads inside, feathers were strewn all over the prairie, that had been emptied from beds as a useless luxury; behind the house we found the dead bodies of Messrs. Noble and Ryan, full of bullet holes; we buried them by a large oak tree near the house. Some of our men went to the Howe house and there found seven dead bodies in a promiscuous heap inside. Among them was Mrs. Thatcher's little babe. Mr. Thatcher was with us; he was away after provisions at the time of the massacre, and had joined us to find his home destroyed, his young wife missing, and if not dead, probably sharing a worse fate than death. and nothing left but the mangled remains of that baby. We spent the night at Thatcher's house. Next morning we found another dead body (a boy twelve or thirteen years old) at Howe's, near a fallen tree not far from the house, with an ax by his side; he had evidently been cutting wood and was killed at the same time as those in the house, none of them suspecting their danger. The oldest son had a horrible cut diagonally across the face from the corner of the mouth on one side to the temple on the other. Here we buried nine.

We then went to Mattock's across the Lake; found the dead scattered all around in the woods and on the Lake shore and the house burned; here was evidence of a desperate struggle. Dr. Harriott lay behind a large tree, grasping his broken rifle; Mrs. Mattock and her little daughter lay near each other by the Lake, the little girl's brains had been dashed out and lay in the snow beside the body, a most sickening and heartrending sight. We collected and buried eleven bodies in one grave. Carl Granger's body we found near his house and close by his faithful dog; he was horribly cut about the head and face; we buried him where we found him.

Finally we reached Gardner's and found six, some outside and some inside, and we buried them all together. By this time it was late in the afternoon; we had finished our sad task; our rations were about gone. Mr. Wilson, of our detachment, who had been at Mr. Gardner's during the winter, knew they had some potatoes buried under the cook stove (the only floor their cabins had was the ground) the stove was in its place unharmed, and we found about a bushel of potatoes and had them for supper and breakfast, thus helping out our slender rations.

In the ashes where the Mattock's house was burned were some charred bones, but we could not positively identify them as human bones, and I did not think they were. From the history of the massacre I believe all persons that were known to be there have been accounted for. We buried twenty-nine, and Mr. Clark Luse and old Mr. Howe were found afterwards, but the Indians made thorough work, not one was allowed to escape alive. It was a remarkable thing that none were scalped. The wretches must have been ashamed of their bloody work.

Saturday morning, April 4, we started for the Irish Colony, leaving Messrs. Howe and Wheelock, who had left a load of goods some distance out on the prairie at the time they made the discovery of the massacre, also Mr. Thatcher and Mr. Wilson, who had interests to look after in that vicinity.

Our course lay over a trackless prairie in a drizzling rain. Jonas Murray, of our party, had been at the Lakes the year before and pretended to

know the way, but he proved to be a poor guide. By this time the snow was nearly gone and every stream was a raging torrent and ponds were overflowing. About noon we came to a large stream and had to follow up and down some time before finding a crossing. Two of our men, Robert McCormick and Owen Spencer, went far above and crossed and separated from us, but succeeded in getting through to the Colony in safety. We soon came to another large stream we could not cross. Some distance down we could see some scattering trees, and had been told that we would pass some on our course. We followed down the stream, but to some of us it seemed that we were bearing too far south. Late in the afternoon we came to some small lakes with some scattering trees on the opposite side. By this time the wind changed suddenly and began to grow colder, the sun would occasionally show through the breaking clouds in the west. The lake was apparently between us and the course we ought to take and we followed close around the shore. Off to the west side lay a large marsh covered with tall grass; those in advance passed between marsh and lake and succeeded in getting around, when we discovered that Capt. Johnson, Burkholder, George Smith, Addington and one other, five men in all, had dropped off in the rear and were going around the marsh. We expected they would return to us when they got around, but as it was growing dark and we could still see them on high ground beyond, we thought best to try and go to them, as Maj. Williams' parting advice was, "stick together, boys," but they soon passed out of our sight into the darkness. We then retraced our steps, passed the south end of the lake and traveled directly east; the moon was full and would gleam out through the rifts in the clouds occasionally. We traveled until about nine o'clock, when we halted, finding we were making little headway, having to meander ponds and wade streams that were fast freezing, and decided to go no further until morning. Soon the most of us were tumbled down in a promiscuous heap, lying close to keep one another warm, on the naked, burned prairie. Our pants were a sheet of ice. Some had blankets, but many only their wet clothes. Lieut. Maxwell and myself did not lie down during that terrible night, but kept tramping around and occasionally rousing the sleepers and making them stir around to keep from freezing. I expected we would all be frozen before morning. I had taken my socks off the day before, wrung them out and carried them in my pocket, and as soon as we halted I pulled off my boots, replaced my socks and put on my boots again. I thus saved my feet and got through without the freezing of any part. The following morning the sun was clear and we were in sight of timber directly east eight or ten miles, and every one felt able to travel. I was among the last to leave our camping ground; I remember picking up our empty provision sack and following on. I soon overtook Mr. Carse, the oldest and best clad man in our party, having double Mackinaw blankets and a fur overcoat. He was on the sunny side of a gopher hill, trying to put on his boots, which he had pulled off at night. I passed him without a thought that they were frozen so that he could not get them on. The ponds and also the streams where there was not much current, were frozen so they bore our weight. Most of the men made a bee line, wading streams running slush ice, but I was more fortunate, being long and light, by seeking places that were iced over and crawling at full length I got over without getting wet. Elias Kellogg and myself were first getting to the timber; he had waded every stream and his clothes were a coat of ice. I immediately went about making a fire, but had no matches, nor had any of the others so far as I knew. My gun was empty and my powder dry, so I put a charge of powder in my gun and loaded with some cotton from out of my vest lining. I discharged it into some rotten wood, which caught and by pouring on some powder and with vigorous blowing I succeeded in starting a fire. Lieut. Maxwell was among the first to get to timber and by the time we got our fire well

started most of the boys had straggled in. Mr. Carse came in last led by John Dudley, a mere boy, poorly clad, whom Mr. Carse had befriended by taking him under his double blankets that night. Carse had his boots in his hand and was ill and delirious—the soles of his feet worn out walking over the frozen ground. Kellogg was the next object of attention. He had seated himself by a tree and was helpless and almost unconscious of his misery. We had to arouse him and cut his frozen overalls away; had he been left alone he would probably never have risen from his condition. With a big fire we were soon warmed.

The next question was, where was the Colony? It was the belief of those who had carefully noted the deviations of the timber line along the margin of the river that we were at the first bend, two or three miles south. The river had to be crossed; it was high, and floating ice, but we got some long poles and with this help crossed from one cake of ice to another, and two or three volunteered to go on through the skirting timber, knowing that if we were where we thought we were we could see the Colony at the high point above. No sooner was the advance party over than the others all followed and when we gained the open ground on the other side we could see the Colony as was conjectured, and foot sore and weary as we were we soon made the distance.

We found Major Williams and part of the men there waiting for us with much anxiety. The Major had made preparation for us, fresh beef, from the poor settlers' poorer oxen, was cooked and ready. This was the first and only meal since noon of yesterday, and to us who had fasted over thirty hours was a luxurious feast.

Major Williams dispatched runners down the river at once to look after Capt. Johnson and those with him. They returned that evening and reported having found a fire at a cabin a few miles below; they concluded the men had been there and after warming themselves had gone further down. The next morning Smith, Addington and Murray came in. They had been to another cabin further on and finding some provisions had stayed there. They stated that they had separated from Capt. Johnson and Burkholder early the previous morning, that they had taken their boots off at night, and they were frozen so they could not get them on, and that while they were cutting up their blankets and tying them on to their feet they had disagreed as to the course to be taken. Pulling off their boots was a fatal mistake. To reach the place where their bones were found eleven years afterwards they must have traveled all that day and part of the next night and have lain down together in that sleep that knows no waking. Thus perished two brave and true young men in the very flush of their early manhood.

I had no acquaintance with Mr. Burkholder, and had only a short acquaintance with Mr. Johnson, but enough to know he was worthy of the confidence reposed in him. His upright character and sterling integrity won the esteem and admiration of all his associates. Here, after two weeks' campaigning the command broke up into squads and detachments, the wagons carrying those unable to walk, while those able to help themselves had to get home as best they could and in most cases did so in three or four days.

I remember that Michael Sweeney, Thos. Bonebright, myself and one or two others walked from Fort Dodge to Webster City on our home stretch, in just four hours. We were still in good trim for fighting Indians. This ends my recollections of that ill-fated campaign.

A PAPER BY CHARLES ALDRICH.

The facts given herein were derived from conversations with Mrs. William L. Church* shortly before the family removed to the state of Washington.

We have placed conspicuously upon this beautiful Memorial Tablet the names of Mrs. William L. Church, and her sister Miss Drusilla Swanger, with a high tribute to those heroines. Why we have done this I will briefly explain. Not many months before the massacre, the Churches had settled at Springfield (now Jackson), Minn., some fifteen miles from Spirit Lake, and about eight miles north of the Iowa line. They resided there when Ink-pa-du-tah's band so terribly raided the little settlement at Spirit and Okoboji Lakes. Of this massacre Mrs. Abbie Gardner Sharp gives a full and most vivid narration in her book. At that time, in the absence of Mr. Church to this county, his wife was living in their log house, with her two little boys and her sister. When the news came to this settlement—of four or five families—of the murders at Spirit Lake, the people assembled at the home of Mr. Thomas, one of the settlers, and prepared to defend themselves. This was what is called a double log-house—quite a large building for that locality at that day—and standing in the margin of the oak grove, not far from the west branch of the Des Moines river. There were in the party, Mr. Thomas, his wife and five children; Mrs. Church and two children; Mrs. Strong and two children, Miss Eliza Gardner, Jareb Palmer, David Carver and John Bradshaw. John Bradshaw had first settled about a mile and a half northwest from where I now stand. His house stood there vacant some years after I came here in 1857. Old settlers will all remember "the Bradshaw House." But he had removed to the Spirit Lake country. Just after they had assembled, two young men, whose names I have forgotten, volunteered to go on foot to Fort Ridgely, seventy-five miles away, and appeal to the commandant for aid. Those who left were well armed, reasonably provisioned, stout of heart, and determined to make the best defence in their power, if they should be assailed. A week had nearly passed when little Willie Thomas, aged nine, came running in, exclaiming that "the boys were coming"—meaning those who had gone for the soldiers! This was good news, and the people rushed to the door, forming a little group outside. Sure enough, two men were seen coming, dressed like whites, but they were Indians dressed in the clothing of men killed at Spirit Lake. Just then, the main party of the Indians, who were approaching from another direction, fired a volley from a dozen pieces into the group of men, women and children near the door. Willie Thomas was shot through the head and fell to the ground. Miss Swanger was shot through the shoulder, receiving a severe flesh wound. Thomas was shot through the left arm, which was broken and bled profusely. Carver was shot in the body, and for a time suffered the severest pain. All except the wounded boy rushed into the house and speedily barricaded the doors and windows. In fact, the poor boy would seem to have been forgotten at the instant. But it mattered little, in the result. The firing on both sides now became hot and frequent and continued so for two or three hours. Port holes were made on the four sides of the house by removing the "chinking" from between the logs. Through these the besieged could plainly see the Indians without exposing themselves. Whenever an Indian showed himself he was fired upon, and so they were held at bay. Several times, however, the red devils made a rush toward the house, which they wished to set on fire, but each time "discretion proved the better part of valor" and they fell back.

---

*Mrs. L. J. Church was born in Richland county, Ohio, April 27, 1828. She removed with her husband, Wm. L. Church, to Webster county, Iowa, in 1855. The following year they settled at Springfield (now Jackson), Minnesota. After the Indian raid they returned to the vicinity of Webster City. The family removed to Port Angeles, Washington, in 1887, where Mrs. Church now (1898) resides.

Mrs L. J. Church

MRS. L. J. CHURCH.

During this time the condition of things in this remote little fortress can scarcely be imagined or described. Miss Swanger and Mr. Thomas were bleeding profusely from their wounds, while the little wounded boy lay shrieking and groaning outside. The little fellow lived about two hours, when death mercifully ended his suffering. At one time the poor mother feared her husband would bleed to death in spite of everything she could do, while the shrieks and groans of the poor dying boy could be distinctly heard just outside of the door. Miss Swanger at first bled very freely, but Mrs. Church stuffed her handkerchief under her sister's dress and so stopped the flow of blood; while Mrs. Thomas bound up her husband's arm and stopped the bleeding, which otherwise would very soon have ended his life.

Mrs. Church and Miss Gardner loaded the guns, and kept watch at some of the port holes. At one time it was thought their bullets would be exhausted, and Misses Swanger and Gardner cast some from an old iron spoon. The fight went on until the dusk of evening.

It then happened that Mrs. Church and Miss Gardner were in one of the rooms watching, while the men were in the other. They now saw an Indian dodge behind a large oak tree. While there he kept peering out toward the house. No man was handy to "draw a bead" upon him, and Mrs. Church picked up a shot-gun heavily charged with buckshot, and encouraged by Miss Gardner leveled it in that direction. Presently the Indian stuck his head out again farther than before. Mrs. Church said to me: "I plainly saw a large dark object by the side of the tree, which I knew to be the head of an Indian, and at this I discharged the gun! I was terribly excited and fell back, and cannot tell you whether I hit him or not! I certainly wanted to kill him!" Miss Gardner, who was watching the Indian, averred that she plainly saw him fall! In the account written two or three months later, at my instance, for *The Hamilton Freeman*, by Jareb Palmer, who was one of the besieged, he states it as a fact, that Mrs. Church killed this Indian. So, also, Harris Hoover, a very intelligent young man then of Webster City, whose name stands conspicuously upon our Memorial Tablet, mentions this result as a fact in his well-written narrative prepared for me, and which I also published. He says that Mrs. Church sent the red-skin to the "Happy Hunting Grounds of his fathers!" The belief that she killed him was entertained by all who were with her, though opinions might vary as to his going to "the happy hunting ground."

A year or more later, the body of an Indian was found upon a rude platform, in a tree-top—tree-burial being the custom of the tribe. The body had been wrapped in a buffalo robe, and some white woman's feather pillow was under his head. What was left of this dusky brave was tumbled down upon the ground, by the men of Capt. H. B. Martin's command, from our county. The skull was brought to me and I sent it to the Phrenological Collection of Fowler & Wells, New York City. I saw it there some time later, with a notice which had appeared in *The Freeman* pasted across the forehead. Upon the return of some of the men to the locality a few months later, the tree was examined and part of the charge of buckshot was still imbedded in it near the spot where Mrs. Church had aimed, and the other part had plainly passed on. It would thus seem to be settled as nearly as any such an event can be proven, that she killed one of the assailants. Immediately after this event the Indians ceased firing and left the place.

One of the settlers, a man named Stewart, had been stopping with his wife and three children, at the Thomas house—"Fort Thomas," it really deserves to be called, henceforth; but the poor wife and mother became insane through her fears of the Indians, and being in such a crowd of people added to her discomfort and mental trouble. Her husband finally concluded to return to their own house, a mile or two distant, believing

the danger had passed away. But the same band which had infested the Thomas house came to Stewart's. They called him to the door, and shot him the instant he appeared. The fiends then murdered the insane mother and her two little girls. The boy—"Johnny"—who was eight or nine years of age, managed to hide behind a log. The Indians plundered the cabin and soon left. The boy then fled to the double log-house, where he was recognized and taken in at one of the windows. The home of the Churches was also pillaged and everything moveable carried away or destroyed. The other houses in the settlement shared the same fate. A span of horses was in the barn at the Thomas' place, but the Indians took them away when they left.

When darkness came at last, the besieged determined to start south towards the nearest settlement, with an ox-team and sled, which was the only means left them. The oxen were yoked and hitched to the sled, upon which were placed the wounded and the little children and such provisions and clothing as could be carried. The forlorn little party, with this poor means of locomotion, probably started near the middle of the night, traveling very slowly, as the ground was covered with snow. Mrs. Church or her sister each led or carried one of her little boys. The march was kept up until the oxen tired out, when there was a short rest. Progress was very slow and most wearisome for some two days. Finally, they saw several men approaching from the south, whom at first they mistook for Indians. This was a trying time for the poor refugees. The men who were rapidly advancing upon them wore shawls, which made them look like Indians with blankets, and it was evident that they were well armed. Some of the women and children were wild with affright, and gave utterance to shrieks and lamentations. Two of the men were helpless from wounds, and another was not naturally an Indian fighter, though doubtless brave enough. John Bradshaw thought his time had come, but far from flinching, he took their eight loaded guns, and stacked them some rods in advance. He asked the other well man to stay with the women and children and wounded, and keep them from embarassing him, and he would sell his life as dearly as possible. Thus the dauntless hero stood until he saw a signal from the advancing party and knew they were friends! When the latter came up his face was pale as ashes, but no one doubted that he would have fought while life lasted! We can well imagine that men can be brave when they are surrounded by other brave men, whatever the odds. But what a grand figure was that of our Hamilton County Bradshaw, going out alone to yield up his life, as he supposed, in so hopeless a fight with merciless savages! It seems to me that that was a scene for a painter, or sculptor, and that at some time it will be placed upon canvas or in imperishable marble for the adornment of our magnificent Capitol. Where did you ever read of anything more grandly heroic?

The terrible alarm was turned in an instant into an abandonment of equally wild rejoicing, for the comers were a detachment from the expedition under Maj. Williams, and Mr. Church was with them! Mrs. Church and her young sister had worn their dresses off to the knees in walking through the crusted snow, and their shoes were nearly gone. They were almost exhausted from the toilsome march, lack of food, exposure to the inclement weather, and the terrible anxiety of the previous week. It was many years before Mrs. Church could speak of these events without shedding tears.

The Churches returned to this (Hamilton) county, where they resided until the spring of the present year (1887), when they removed to Washington territory, whither two of their children and Miss Swanger (now Mrs. Gillespie) had preceded them. Mr. Church was also a soldier in the Union army, as well as a veteran of the Mexican war. All who have known them will agree with me that the permanent record which our county has

here made of their actions and sufferings and the heroism of these matchless women—in our pioneer days, has been well deserved.

INTERESTING LETTER FROM MRS. COLLINS.

LIVERMORE, IA., SEPT. 3, 1887.

Editor Freeman:

Permit me through your columns to express my regret at not having been able to be with the company that assembled in and around the court house in Webster City to witness the inauguration of the Memorial Tablet that shall be to the generations to come an everlasting reminder of the heroism of the fathers and mothers who will soon have passed away. Residing as we did, during the winter of 1856-'57, so near the confines of the Indian atrocities, and hearing as we did, much from the lips of those who proved to be our guests, who were on the terrible march toward their homes in and about your city, the narration of the events as given by the survivors would have been, and are now, of double interest to us. We cheerfully accept the sincere thanks of Frank R. Mason and his comrades. We are glad to have a place in their memories. I have many times thought over the events of that night and told them to my children; how husband and I, after having stayed later than usual at a neighbor's, started for home, he with our first babe in his arms, and kept along the beaten path in the snow. All at once the outline of dark objects appeared before us. They were not moving, and we heard no noise. I at first thought we might be upon a company of Indians! We were too near to retreat, and true to our inclinations we stepped forward to meet what might be danger and trouble. I then heard groans of distress, and I thought sobs. All fear was gone in a moment, and I hastened to know who could be at that time of night in so deplorable a condition. We had a lantern, and as the light shone upon the place my pity was truly stirred. There, with the snow crushed beneath them, were eight men; some sitting, some reclining, and others lying flat upon their backs! I need not say how gladly we ministered to their wants; that has been already enlarged upon by my friend Mason. But one thing I wish to say, is, that we count it all joy that we were enabled to take part (though a humble one) in that heroic task. I think your memory served you well, friend Mason, as to the "bill of fare" set before you on the night and morning in question. I remember the biscuits well. Mixed up with sourings and water, and with no shortening. All the meat we had was bought of a drover, who, I think, was compelled to kill his cattle off to save them they were so poor, and there was no extra grease for shortening. But I have no doubt my biscuits beat the mush you made with flour and water, if you did boil it for two long hours. Our flour and molasses ought to have been good as they were hauled all the way from Muscatine by an ox-team the fall previous, and flour was selling that spring for from eleven to fourteen dollars per barrel.

I have two requests to make of friend Mason, and then I will close: 1st. Can you give me the names of others of your company of eight, yet living, and their places of abode? 2d. Call and see us if you ever come this way, and you will be made welcome, and if desired you can be shown the spot where we found you in the snow.

With God I believe there are no accidents. An overruling Providence directs each life. I believe it no accident that we stayed at the neighbor's

until eleven o'clock on that memorable night, instead of returning home at nine—as was our usual custom. I believe it no accident that you reached our path just before instead of after we crossed it. But I believe God was guiding your weary feet and did not allow your strength to give way until you reached the right place, and then by causing you to sink down He placed you within the possibility of being saved. That we may all learn wisdom from the things of the past—is the prayer of your friend,

SARAH W. COLLINS.

MRS. ABBIE GARDNER SHARP'S LETTER.

OKOBOJI, Aug. 4, 1887.

At the request of C. T. Fenton, Esq., I write the following account of the Spirit Lake massacre of 1857:

It is with sadness that I recall to memory the ill-fated March the 8th, 1857—when Inkpadutah and his murderous band invaded the peaceful and happy little settlement of Spirit and Okoboji Lakes and completely demolished it. It is now thirty years since those horrible atrocities were enacted, and having lost all on that sad day that made life dear to me, and though wrecked in health, I still live a witness to those terrible scenes.

The outbreak was as sudden and unexpected as a thunderbolt from a cloudless sky. The Indians approached, and through their professions of friendship got into the houses, taking the people by surprise, and attacking in such a way that one family could not help another. My father was shot down while his back was turned getting the Indians some flour. They then rushed upon my mother and sister, beating them over the head with the butts of their guns, and drove them out in the door yard and killed them. My brother and two sisters, all little children, were clinging to me in speechless terror. They next seized these helpless children, heedless of their piteous cries for the help I was powerless to give them, dragging them out of doors, and beating them to death with sticks of stove wood. All through their course they shot down the men when their backs were turned, and then rushed upon the helpless and terror-stricken women and children and killed them in the most cruel and shocking manner.

At the time of the massacre I was little more than a child of less than fourteen summers, and was with three other women taken captive, suffering for three months all the cruelties and indignities that Indians, only, know how to inflict. The dreadful news created intense feeling throughout the country, and excited the wrath and sympathy of all who heard it. Three companies of volunteers, under the command of Maj. Williams, of Fort Dodge, went from Webster and Hamilton counties, and proceeding through snow-banks and swollen streams flooded with ice, surmounted every conceivable difficulty while pressing forward to relieve the living and bury the dead.

On the 15th day of May following, the then territory of Minnesota passed an act appropriating $10,000, to be used in securing the rescue of the captives, of which $3,000 was expended in the release of Mrs. Marble and myself. To the State of Minnesota and Charles E. Flandrau, of St. Paul, I owe a debt of gratitude that I shall ever recollect. I am greatly pleased with the kindly interest manifested by the generous-hearted people of Hamilton county in erecting this Tablet to the memory of the heroic volunteers who so bravely risked their own lives to save their fel-

MRS. ABBIE GARDNER SHARP.
The only survivor of the massacre at Spirit and Okoboji Lakes.

low-creatures from the scalping-knife and tomahawk of the Indians. I hope the occasion may result in suggesting to the General Assembly of Iowa, whether some public recognition is not alike due to mark the spot which is consecrated to civilization by the blood of the brave and true-hearted settlers who fell victims to the vengeance of the savages on the shores of these far-famed beautiful Lakes.

ABBIE GARDNER SHARP.

LETTER FROM SERGT. HARRY HOOVER.

86 DIAMOND STREET, PITTSBURG, PA., August 5, 1887.

Gentlemen:

I learn from a friend in Florida that a "memorial tablet" is about to be erected to the volunteers who formed the Expedition that left Webster City for Spirit Lake, March 23, 1857. It was my fortune to be "one of the boys," and although many and important events have transpired since then—many joys and sorrows intervened—still

Fond Memory brings the light
Of other days around me,

and looking back over the vista of thirty years I see the details of that memorable march with a panoramic distinctness that annihilates time and space. Almost forgotten forms and faces crowd around me. Old friendships are renewed and experiences duplicated. Again I see the light that gleamed in J. C. Johnson's eyes as he listened to the recital of Mr. White's story of the massacre. Again I tread the snowy trail, plunge through the swollen creeks or bivouac on the bleak prairie. And again I pay the silent tribute of a tear to the silent dead.

From notes hastily taken on the march I compiled an account of "The Expedition to Spirit Lake," which was published in *The Hamilton Freeman*, in August, 1857, and although that account is necessarily imperfect it may serve to indicate to the citizens of the flourishing Webster City of today what it meant to be a pioneer thirty years ago.

I understand that my old friend, W. K. Laughlin, to whom I am indebted for many of the most valuable facts in that narrative—will be with you, and will, no doubt, be able to supply any of its deficiencies.

In behalf of my comrades permit me (through you) to thank the generous citizens of Hamilton county for this token of appreciation of our humble efforts to be equal to *our duty*. While claiming no merit for ourselves, we confess to a feeling of gratefulness that our dead comrades will not have died in vain. I regret that I cannot be present at the contemplated ceremonies, but desire to say a few words to the survivors who may be present:

Comrades, I greet you! From the mountains in Pennsylvania to the prairies of Iowa I stretch my hand to clasp yours. Although four years' service in the "War of the Rebellion" may have given some of us a wider experience and riper knowledge, yet our "first campaign" will never lose its thrilling interest, and the trip to Spirit Lake will form the nucleus, around which will cluster, some sad, yet many happy memories during our declining years. As in the past, so let us continue to do what we can and leave the world better than we found it.

So shall our lives, serene at eve'n,
Be nourished by the dews of heaven,
Our duty done, our heads shall rest
Soft pillowed on kind Nature's breast.

Cordially and fraternally yours,

H. HOOVER.

REPORT OF THE OKOBOJI AND SPIRIT LAKE MONUMENT COMMISSION.

LETTER OF TRANSMITTAL.

To His Excellency, Hon. Frank D. Jackson, Governor of Iowa:

SIR—By direction of the Commissioners appointed by the Governor, in charge of the erection of the Monument at Lake Okoboji to the memory of the massacred settlers, I have the honor herewith to transmit you their final report.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

CHARLES ALDRICH,

Assistant Secretary of the Commission.

DES MOINES, IOWA, OCTOBER 16, 1895.

SIR—The undersigned commissioners having in charge the matter of erecting the monument to the memory of the pioneer settlers massacred by Sioux Indians in the vicinity of Okoboji and Spirit Lakes, in 1857, in respectfully submitting their final report, deem it proper to a full understanding of the subject to copy the legislation relating thereto, as follows:

CHAPTER 123.

AN ACT to provide for the proper interment of the remains of pioneers on Okoboji and Spirit Lakes, massacred by the Sioux Indians in 1857, and for the erection of a commemorative monument.

Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Iowa:

SECTION 1. That there is hereby appropriated out of any money in the State treasury not otherwise appropriated the sum of five thousand dollars or so much thereof as may be necessary for the purposes hereinafter provided.

SEC. 2. That the remains of all persons killed by Ink-pa-du-tah's band of Sioux Indians in the vicinity of the Dickinson county lakes in March, 1857, be collected and properly interred.

SEC. 3. That a monument fittingly commemorative of this tragic event be erected, upon which shall be inscribed the names of all persons who lost their lives at that time at the hands of the savages.

SEC. 4. That grounds suitable for these purposes be selected near the scene of the tragedy, title to which shall be acquired and remain in the State of Iowa.

SEC. 5. That said grounds shall be purchased, reinterments made and monument erected before the 4th day of July, 1895.

SEC. 6. A special commission composed of five members shall be appointed by the governor of the State to carry out the provisions of this act, and to take all needful action in the premises consistent with the spirit of the statute. They shall have entire management and control of the funds herein appropriated, which shall be paid out on bills approved by the commission. They shall file with the auditor of State a full and complete account of all expenditures, and shall also report to the governor their proceedings in this connection upon the completion of their labors. The said commission shall serve without compensation.

SEC. 7. This act being deemed of immediate importance shall take effect and be in force from and after publication in *The Iowa State Register* and *The Des Moines Leader*, newspapers published at Des Moines, Iowa.

Approved March 30, 1894.

As soon as practicable after receiving our commissions we met at the Duncombe House in Fort Dodge, and afterwards at the residence (Gardner cabin) of Mrs. Abbie Gardner Sharp, near Lake Okoboji, where the massacre was commenced on the 8th day of March, 1857. An organization was effected by appointing Cyrus C. Carpenter, chairman, Mrs. Abbie Gardner Sharp, secretary, Charles Aldrich, assistant secretary, and John F. Duncombe, attorney. The first action of the commission after organizing was to decide upon the location, which was fixed on the lot south of that owned by Mrs. Sharp—provided it could be secured without expense to the State. This lot, 100x180 feet, was owned by the Okoboji South Beach company, who promptly conveyed it as a free gift to the State of Iowa for this purpose. An advertisement was then prepared and published in several newspapers asking for plans and bids for the erection of the proposed monument, the commissioners reserving to themselves the right to accept

MONUMENT TO THE MASSACRED SETTLERS.

Erected at Pillsbury Point, Lake Okoboji, by order of the 25th General Assembly of Iowa, and dedicated July 26, 1895. The log structure is the original Gardner Cabin. The spot where the family was buried is marked by the pile of stones.

any plan or bid or reject all that might be made. The meeting for the examination of the plans and bids took place at the Gardner cabin on the 20th day of June, 1894. Upon a full and careful examination of the several propositions, many of which possessed high merit, it was decided to accept that of P. N. Peterson, doing business under the name of the P. N. Peterson Granite company, of St. Paul, Minn. This contemplated a shaft 55 feet high above the foundation, in alternate blocks of rough and polished Minnesota granite, with a die 6x6 feet, upon which should be placed four bronze tablets—for the sum of $4,500. The inscriptions placed upon the tablets may be described as follows: On the east, the list of murdered settlers; on the west, a complete roster of the relief expedition commanded by Major William Williams; on the south, historical memoranda relating to the loss of Capt. J. C. Johnson and Private W. E. Burkholder, the list of settlers who escaped from Springfield (now Jackson), Minn., etc.; and on the north, the coat of arms of Iowa, with these words: "Erected by order of the 25th General Assembly of the State of Iowa."

While the time for the completion of the entire work as stipulated in the act was fixed for the 4th of July, 1895, it was completed and ready for acceptance in March preceding that date. A meeting was therefore held on the monument grounds on the 14th day of March, 1895, at which the work was carefully examined and formally accepted by the commission, the contractor's bill for the cost of its erection approved, and the auditor of State requested to issue his warrant upon the State treasury for the payment thereof. In this connection it is but just to state that, in the judgment of the commission, Mr. Peterson carried out every stipulation of his bond and contract, giving to our State a work which in its beauty of design, the durability of its material, and the honesty with which it was built, is without a rival in the northwest. This is also the unanimous judgment of all who have examined the monument.

To Mr. R. A. Smith of the commission was assigned the duty of grading the grounds, superintending the construction of the monument, including the foundation, and gathering together and re-interring the remains of the murdered persons. These last were buried in one broad grave on the east front of the monument.

To Mr. Charles Aldrich was assigned the work of preparing the inscriptions for the tablets.

The following is a recapitulation of the expenses incurred and paid in this undertaking:

J. & R. Lamb, for tablet designs and drawings	$ 30.00
The contract price paid to P. N. Peterson	4,500.00
Expenses allowed to C. C. Carpenter	40.67
Expenses allowed to John F. Duncombe	11.00
Expenses allowed to R. A. Smith	252.88
Expenses allowed to Mrs. Abbie Gardner Sharp	118.33
Expenses allowed to Charles Aldrich	44.82
Total	$4,997.70
Amount of appropriation	5,000.00
Balance unexpended	2.30

In concluding their duties the commission respectfully beg to suggest, that provision should be made by the legislature for providing the monument lot with a permanent fence. Regulations should also be made for the appointment of a custodian and the care of the grounds.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

July 4, 1895.

CYRUS C. CARPENTER,
JOHN F. DUNCOMBE,
RODERICK A. SMITH,
ABBIE GARDNER SHARP,
CHARLES ALDRICH.
Commissioners.

TO HON. FRANK D. JACKSON,
GOVERNOR OF IOWA,
DES MOINES.

DES MOINES RIVER, AND ORIGIN OF THE NAME.

BY CHARLES R. KEYES, PH. D.

The Des Moines river is the largest watercourse that Iowa can call all her own. Rising on the northern border of the State, in the northwestern part, it flows entirely across, to the extreme southeast corner. At the present day the stream is much smaller than formerly. It is of no use for navigation; and its waterpowers are as yet scarcely noticed.

In the early days of Iowa's statehood the Des Moines river was considered a very pretentious stream. During the spring floods steamboats from the Mississippi came up regularly, as far as the Raccoon fork. Smaller steamers plied between that point and Ft. Dodge. In order to make the river more suitable for boats at all times an elaborate system of slack-water navigation was proposed, and begun with governmental aid. Careful surveys were made, and sites for dams were located at proper intervals. Several of these constructions were commenced, but only one was actually finished before the whole undertaking was given up.

At a still earlier date, at the beginning of the century, the Des Moines river was one of the principal routes of travel to and from the Northwest. St. Louis was the great trading post of the region. The Indians and French *voyageurs* paddled their canoes upstream, passing through the several little lakes near the headwaters, and then on to the Hudson Bay region. This was a waterway practically unobstructed from the northern Fur country to the lower Mississippi. Its importance at that time was greater than either the Mississippi, or the Missouri river.

Still earlier, when the interior of America was a veritable *terra incognita*, a far greater importance was ascribed to our simple, placid Des Moines. It was regarded as the greatest river on the continent. On the maps of the time the Mississippi drainage system is represented as a huge trident, reaching up from the Gulf. Few or no branches are shown. The Des Moines river forms the great central prong, much

larger than either of the other two—the Mississippi and the Missouri. (See figure 1.)

On maps published a little while previous our Des Moines has swollen to a mighty waterway, with headwaters in the Saskatchewan region and the present province of British Columbia, draining two great lakes the size of Lake Superior, and finally uniting, near its present mouth, with two comparatively small streams, the Mississippi and the Missouri, the former rising in what is at the present time southeastern Wisconsin, and the latter in eastern Kansas not far from Kansas City. The Des Moines is the great middle river. The signification of this will soon appear.

FIG. 1. PART OF CARTE DU CANADA PAR DE L'ISLE.—PARIS, 1703.

The earliest reference to the Des Moines river appears to be Joliet's. On his map of 1674 the stream is called the Ouacuiatanas. The map was made by Joliet in Montreal, soon after his return from his explorations, with Marquette, in the Mississippi valley. It is probably the first map of the region that is based upon definite knowledge. From this period to the present, various names and various spellings of the one that has survived, have been followed.

The word Des Moines is manifestly of French origin. It is commonly interpreted "of the monks;" and the stream the "river of the monks." Some of the various spellings to be noted are De Moin, Des Moins, Demoin, De Moyen, Demoir,

and Demon. The allusion to the Trappist monks has found general favor.

Another suggestion has also been offered. It is a French derivation of the word from the Algonkin name Moingona. The first use of this name seems to be on Franquelin's "Carte de la Louisiane," published in 1688. It is based upon La Salle's explorations. The name appears on many maps printed afterwards, even down to the time of Iowa's admission into the Union. The name is still preserved in the town of Moingona, on the right bank of the river, in Boone county. Coues, in summing up the opinions of the supposed origin

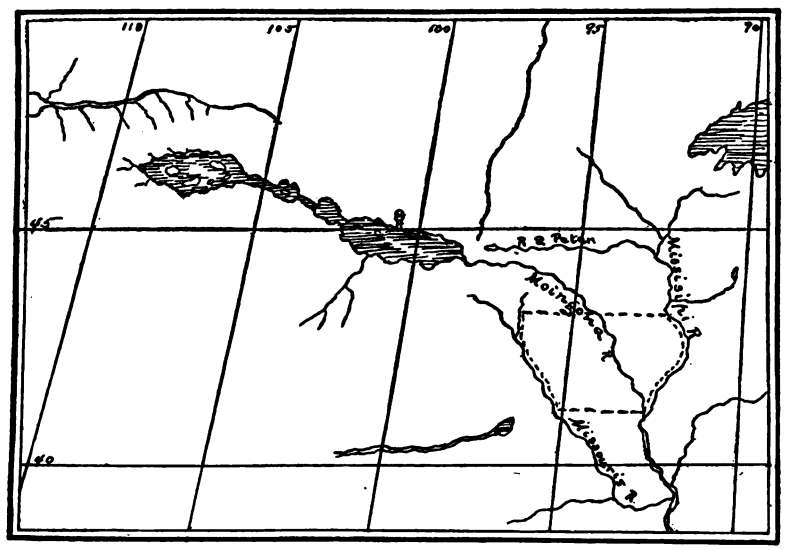


FIG. 2. PART OF THE SENEX MAP OF NORTH AMERICA—LONDON, 1710.

of the name from this source, says that "The Indians called their place Moingona, Moingonan, or Mouingouinas—a word found in some form on very old maps. Later, the French clipped the word to Moin, calling the people les Moins, and their river la riviere des Moines, by spurious etymology. Traces of this history of the name survive in its various spellings."

As a rule the English maps of the region and the French maps based upon data obtained through Canadian sources

adhere to the name Moingona for the Des Moines river. The Delisle "Carte du Canada ou de la Nouvelle France" published in 1707, and which was the work of two of the most noted cartographers of the time, the l'Isle "Carte de la Louisiane et du Cours du Mississippi," printed in Amsterdam in 1722, and the Sinex "Map of North America," 1710, all have R. de Moingona. Towards the close of the eighteenth century some of the cartographic sketches of the region, as the Winterbotham map of 1795 for example, which is practically a summary to the knowledge of the region previous to the Lewis and Clarke explorations under the auspices of the United States government, have the name reduced to merely Moin.

The general opinion that has long prevailed in regard to the word Des Moines meaning "of the Monks" is probably due largely to the explanation given by Maj. Pike in his accounts of his explorations in the upper Mississippi valley in the years 1805 to 1807. He calls particular attention to the riviere de Moyen (pronounciation scarcely distinguishable from des Moines) as it is lettered on many of the maps of that time, and so called by the voyageurs and traders. He goes on to give the derivation and application of the word, finally making it out to be a corruption of riviere des Moines or "river of the monks."

The use of the word de Moyen in the latter part of the last century and the early part of this has a significance that appears to have escaped notice. We get a hint from Featherstonhaugh in regard to a familiar geographic name, the origin of which is more intricate than the term under consideration. In his "Excursion through the Slave States," in 1834-5, he makes the remark, concerning the word Ozark now generally applied to the elevated and mountainous country lying in Missouri and Arkansas between the Missouri and Red rivers, and the Mississippi and Neosho rivers, that "It was the custom of the French Canadians to abbreviate all their names. If they were going to the Arkansas mountains they would say that they were going Aux Arcs,

and thus these highlands have obtained the name of Ozarks from American travelers."

Judging from what is known of the literature and customs of the same time it would appear that our Des Moines has an origin very much the same as Ozark and a number of other words. The phrase *de moyen* with its pronounciation almost indistinguishable from that of the word as we now know it, means "from the middle"—country being understood. So the French voyageurs on arriving at the great trading post of St. Louis, when speaking of the part of the region from whence they had come, naturally replied in the usual abbreviated form "de Moyen." The great middle country between the Missouri and the Mississippi and occupied by the great middle river was really a very appropriate title. The middle country, or middle valley, was indeed, as already stated, a very great valley, in the opinion of these early travelers—the greatest of the three, thought by some to extend to the Saskatchewan. The name de Moyen thus came to be attached in the same way as the title Ozark.

The transition of de Moyen to des Moins, as understood by Pike and others, to mean "of the monks" and finally to Des Moines, is simple, and readily accounted for when the French pronounciation of the words is also taken into consideration.

It might tax the ingenuity of the student of French to trace the descent of some of our geographic names, and in many cases he would doubtless have to give up in despair, unless he were to study the maps and literature of the time when the geography of the region was in its formative stage.

The etymologies were spurious often to a marvelous extent. Names that we are familiar with today were fearfully and wonderfully made. Two instances will suffice. The stream Rob Ruly, in Missouri, was originally Bois Brule. The creek Jack West, in Van Buren county, Iowa, was formerly Chequest.

Besides the Algonkin name Moingona and the corrupted French Des Moines, there are two other titles of Iowa's chief river that deserve mention in this place. One is Keosauqua,

or Keoskawqua as it is lettered in "Galland's Map of Iowa" of 1840. The principal town on the stream was at one time Keosauqua in Van Buren county.

Another title for the stream is the Sioux name Inyanshashawatpa, meaning Redstone river. The appropriateness of the term might not be inferred except by those who are well acquainted with the course of the Des Moines. In Marion county, in the central part of the State, the river flows through a deep canyon of red sandstone. The gorgeous vermillion cliffs attract wide attention. In the days when the river was the great highway to the Northwest they were the wonder of all. Many a traveler has gone into ecstacies over their majestic splendor, and has speculated wildly upon their origin. Today the little, almost deserted, village of Red Rock lies nestled under one of the most brilliantly colored walls. It was once an important landing for boats. A railroad now runs down the river valley for many miles, but at the great Red Rock it makes a wide detour inland through deep ravines, passing around this interesting spot, and the tourist just misses the most gorgeously picturesque bit of scenery found anywhere in all the Mississippi valley.

For the large map which accompanies the foregoing article THE ANNALS is indebted to the Rev. Father Philip Laurent, Catholic Priest, of Muscatine, Iowa, who many years ago had it copied directly from a large terrestrial globe nearly seven feet in diameter, made about the year 1720, by the Capuchin Monk, Pere Legrand, of Chalon, department of Saone, France. This globe is now in the Capuchin convent in Dijon. The copy was made at the request of Father Laurent, by the public librarian of that place. This is one of the earliest maps in which the present geographic features of the Mississippi Valley are recognized.—EDITOR OF THE ANNALS.

THE ABOLITIONISTS of Linn county held a meeting at the court house in Marion on the 30th ult., and formed a society, the proceedings of which, together with the constitution, appear in the last number of *The Standard.* We have looked them over and were pleased to see that the names of none of our numerous subscribers appear in the proceedings, so we infer that it is confined to a few fanatics who belong to the Whig party.—*Bloomington Herald, Jan.* 20, 1843.

LETTERS OF HENRY DODGE TO GEN. GEORGE W. JONES.

EDITED BY DR. WILLIAM SALTER.

(*Concluded from page 400.*)

XXII.

MADISON (WISCONSIN TY.), December 17, 1838.

Hon. George W. Jones, Washington City:

Your letter dated on the 18th ult. from Springfield I only received on yesterday. The subject of Banks is of vital importance to the people of Wisconsin. Banking upon proper principles might profit the citizens of Wisconsin, but when our banks are in the hands of swindlers, it is a state of the things that calls loudly for redress. I received a letter on the subject of banks of this Territory from Mr. Woodbury (U. S. Secretary of the Treasury, 1834-'41), asking for information on that subject. I have answered his letter. I hope you will retain your seat during the present session of Congress. Your letter from the steamboat Des Moines I answered immediately and enclosed to you at Washington a copy of your certificate of election. I will forward you a copy of the officers commissioned with a list of the Post offices, as far as I know them. When at Washington I handed you a letter to hand to the President (Martin Van Buren) recommending some gentlemen to fill the office of Generals of the militia. I have heard nothing from the President on that subject. Will you have the goodness to make the proper inquiry? The division of the Territory may have prevented the action of the President on that subject. I must have the militia organized by Spring. We may have some difficulty with the Winnebago Indians, and I am determined to be prepared for them.

XXIII.

Paschal Bequette served in the Black Hawk war, was at the battles of Pecatonica and Wisconsin Heights under Col. Dodge, and married his daughter Elizabeth. The "disputed territory" alluded to in this letter is that portion of the State of Illinois "which lies north of an east and west line drawn through the southerly extreme of Lake Michigan," as prescribed in the Ordinance of 1787.

MINERAL POINT, March 3, 1840.

Col. George W. Jones, Sinsinawa Mound:

Permit me to congratulate you on your appointment as Surveyor General; it is a triumph over your enemies, particularly Doty and Chapman, and will be a source of gratification to your numerous friends in Wisconsin and Iowa. When Col. Bequette handed me your letter, and I discovered

you had your information through Doctor Linn which I considered authentic, it produced a gratification of feeling which I had not experienced for some time. Bequette was delighted, and, as I remarked to him, I expected that Augustus would jump up for joy when he heard of your appointment. I have no doubt Dr. Linn pressed your claims on the President in the strongest terms, told him you had risked your popularity and standing by acting as the friend of Cilley who fell fighting the battles of the party, and that your services as Delegate as well as your devotion to Democratic principles presented you in a strong point of view for Executive favor; and that the Doctor would not forget to call the attention of the President to his warm and efficient support of the President's administration, and the deep interest he had in your welfare as a personal friend. I have no doubt from my knowledge of the disposition and feelings of Doctor Linn that there is no man living that he is as much attached to as yourself. The appointment I consider the best office in the two Territories; it will suit you in every respect, and enable you to be extremely serviceable to your friends in a political point of view.

I am much gratified that you expressed your views to Col. Benton in relation to Doty. In a letter I addressed to him a few days since I stated that Doty and Chapman had been elected to Congress because the people of the Territories they represent were not acquainted with their true character, for at heart they were Whigs and opposed to the measures of the present administration. . . . The southern Boundary question is a hobby, I discover, with Doty. He appears anxious to serve the people residing within the disputed territory. and expects to acquire some celebrity as a politician which will secure his election to the U. S. Senate at the organization of the State of Wisconsin.

XXIV.

Henry Dodge was Delegate to Congress from Wisconsin Territory, 1841-5. His son Augustus was at the same time Delegate from Iowa Territory. A few extracts from letters of that period follow:

WASHINGTON, January 14, 1842.

General Geo. W. Jones, Sinsinawa, Wis. Ty.:

Col. Benton added yesterday even to his great reputation as a debater and an able statesman. No Whig felt disposed to reply to him. [The speech was for "hard money": "It may seem paradoxical, but it is true, that there is no abundant currency, low interest, and facility of loans, except in hard money countries: paper makes scarcity, high interest, usury, extortion, and difficulty of borrowing. Ignorance supposes that to make money plenty, you must have paper: this is pure nonsense. Paper drives away specie, and then dies itself for want of specie; and leaves the country penniless until it can recruit." The speech is reported in Benton's "Thirty Years' View," Chapter 90, Vol. II, pp. 376-395.]

JUNE 14, 1842. I had the pleasure of receiving your esteemed favor of the 15th ult. some days since, and but for the pressure of imperious calls on my time I would have answered you at an earlier date. Augustus' health is improving. His uncle (Dr. Linn) thinks it will take some time before he will be entirely well. His illness has been a great loss to him in keeping up his correspondence with his constituents, who are pressing in their calls. No man knows better the labors a Delegate has to perform than yourself.

You will see from my remarks in the House that I treated his Excellency (James D. Doty, then Governor of Wisconsin Territory) with great courtesy. Nothing saves him but the influence Webster (then Secretary of State) has with Tyler (President U. S.); I sincerely believe that Webster, Tallmadge (subsequently for eight months, 1844-5, Governor of Wisconsin Territory), and Tyler are the only men who do not believe that Doty should be removed immediately from office. I shall keep a good look-out while I am here, and will make D. a heavy weight for Tyler to carry before I am done with him.

As respects your being reinstated in the office of Surveyor-General, much as your friends desire it, I do not think that you can calculate upon anything from this administration. I have talked to Doctor Linn and Augustus, and they are of the same opinion. They think under the Democratic administration you will be restored to the office from which you have been so unjustly removed. Could Doty have been removed, Wise (Henry A. Wise, M. C., of Virginia) would have united with your friends in recommending you for the office of Governor. I have no idea, however, that Tyler would have nominated you as long as Webster governs him, which is the common belief. Benton says that we will have to wait patiently until the expiration of Tyler's term. He thinks the Democrats will have from eighty to one hundred majority in the next Congress. From present appearances Van Buren will be the Democratic candidate; Benton is openly and decidedly for him. He takes well with the people where he has been; he is strong in the north, and unites more southern interests than any other northern man, or perhaps any man from the south.

The House has given the Territories the 5th, 6th, and the 7th of July, and we will endeavor to have our business prepared. With a bankrupt treasury we have but little to hope for as to appropriations. I think I shall get two hundred thousand acres of land for a harbor at Milwaukee and perhaps an appropriation in land for the other points. I do not promise myself much. You have never seen such a body of men convened as the present members of the House of Representatives, bitter and vindictive as they can be towards each other, and but little of that courtesy necessary in legislative bodies, the Whigs divided and cut to pieces among themselves, many of them exceedingly hostile to Tyler; and to tell you my opinion, there appears to be with the Heads of the Departments a great deficiency of practical knowledge to enable them to administer the Government. I have been for six months using all the means in my power to get the money

appropriated last March a year ago sent to the Territory, and after having made me promises time and again I have introduced a resolution this day calling on the Secretary of the Treasury for a report of his reasons for not sending the money to the Territory. I believe they were afraid of Field (Secretary of Wisconsin Territory, 1841-'3), and if that was the case they ought to have removed him from office. He arrived here today, and it appears that he and Doty are far from being friends. Field says that Doty is now endeavoring to form a party among the Democrats.

AUGUST 12, 1842. Your esteemed favor of the 10th ult. I would have answered at an earlier date but for the constant pressure of Territorial matters. Immediately after the receipt of your letter Augustus and myself called on Wise, and he promptly attended to your claim for surveying. As we had both done everything we could to get your money without success, we thought as Wise was considered all powerful with the President that he could do more by himself than united with us. He informed us that the Commissioner of the General Land Office would give such instruction as would enable you to obtain your just demands.

A bill making appropriations ($86,000) for harbors at Milwaukee, Southport, and Racine, and for a lighthouse at Southport, has passed the House. I had the assistance of several of the Whigs who supported the bill. It was a close contested fight from ten o'clock until three in the afternoon. The fate of my bill in the Senate is extremely doubtful. Governor Woodbridge, of Michigan, Chairman of the Committee on Commerce, had charge of the subject. I fear he dislikes to see me succeed in a measure calculated to help my future standing in Wisconsion. The general opinion of the members is in favor of one harbor on our Lake border. In the present state of the treasury they are afraid of expending money on three points. I have, however, redeemed my pledge to my constituents on the Lake border and, let the Senate do as they may, I can meet my fellow citizens full in the face, for my best energies were brought into requisition. . . . The Clay party have majorities in both Houses. I think they will never succeed in electing Mr. Clay President, and from present appearances many of them have been brought to that conclusion. Augustus is still in delicate health. He sustained himself finely in the debate on the boundary question between Missouri and Iowa. He is a good speaker.

DECEMBER 15, 1843. The addresses of Col. Benton and Mr. Crittenden on the death of my lamented brother (Lewis F. Linn*) were worthy of the Senators who spoke with great feeling and eloquence. [They are reported in Benton's "Thirty Years' View," Chapter 116, Vol. II, pp. 485-'7.]

. . . I am anxious to know what course our friends on the Lake border may take on the subject of harbors. Milwaukee will be embraced in the general estimates made by the Topographical Bureau. I feel desir-

*They were children of the same mother, Nancy Ann Hunter.—Iowa His. Record, II, 258-264.

ous to do all the good I can for the people of the Territory who have so generously supported me.

XXV.

DIXON, ILL., Nov. 12, 1858.

Hon. George W. Jones, Dubuque, Iowa:

Your two letters would have been answered ere this but for my bad health.

On the subject of the extension of the Illinois Railroad from Galena to Dunleith, your amendment to the Douglas bill was entirely yours, in which your colleague and myself entirely agree with you. Your immediate constituents in Dubuque and the counties in both the States of Iowa and Wisconsin and the then Territory of Minnesota bordering on the Mississippi were all directly interested in your amendment. Had the terminus been at Galena, it would have deprived the people of those counties of many advantages that they now have at the terminus at Dunleith. Yours was a liberal and enlarged policy. As my son was your colleague it is not perhaps proper for me to say more on this subject.

On the subject of Capt. Clark's having furnished beef for the Black Hawk war I know nothing. The White Oak Springs was considered a place of safety, and although within my command they were so remote from me that I knew nothing of their matters. My attention was entirely directed to the more exposed frontiers.

. . . If you hear anything from Augustus (then U. S. Minister to Spain) let us hear the news; we feel much interest in hearing from him.

Mrs. Dodge unites in much love to Mrs. Jones, Fanny Clarke, and your family.

Affectionately your friend and obt. servant,

HENRY DODGE.

THE EDITOR returned a few days since, having visited Washington, Jefferson and Henry counties for the first time. In these counties are to be found as fine bodies of good farming land as in any portion of the whole west, and although they have settled rapidly since the Indian title was extinguished, there are many handsome localities open to settlement. If the farmers on the rocky and unproductive hills of the old states were not blind to their own interests, these beautiful prairies would soon blossom as the rose.—*Bloomington Herald, March* 10, 1843.

ANNALS OF IOWA.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

THE SPIRIT LAKE EXPEDITION.

We have surrendered the larger portion of space in this number of THE ANNALS to the publication of the narratives of men who were connected with that most thrilling episode in the early history of northwestern Iowa. This is done with the purpose of saving all accessible details of the massacre, the organization of the Expedition, and of the weary march, suffering and losses consequent upon it. Another purpose will be subserved—that of doing justice, as far as practicable at this late day, to the memories of those who participated in it, and especially of those who in a large degree were responsible for its management. Several of the officers and privates have given us their best recollections of the affair, and it is in our judgment most fitting that these should be gathered together in these pages where they will be preserved to future times. Still further, we have secured excellent portraits of many of the actors in the Expedition. Those of Maj. William Williams and W. E. Burkholder may be found in Vol II, pp. 146 and 157 of this periodical. It has been the hope of the editor that Vols. I, II, III, of this 3d series of THE ANNALS, should contain full details of the Expedition, though some papers may be left over for publication hereafter. The late Gov. Cyrus C. Carpenter contributed to Vol. II (pp. 146-60,) a sketch of Maj. Williams, with incidental mention of William E. Burkholder, which is not only very readable, but possesses great historic value. The frontispiece of this number is a fine portrait of Mr. Carpenter from a photograph taken not long after the Expedition and may fairly be considered to represent him at that time. We have two others which will be presented in some future number.

So far as additional materials of this history are concerned, we may mention the following to which reference can be made:

"History of the Spirit Lake Massacre," by Mrs. Abbie Gardner Sharp, Des Moines, 1885.

Articles by Sergeant Harry Hoover and Jareb Palmer, in *The Hamilton Freeman*, of Webster City, Iowa, in July and August, 1857. Mr. Hoover's article is especially valuable. He was an active and intelligent young man, and usefully connected with the Expedition from its inception until its close. It may also be added that *The Freeman* of that year contained many shorter articles relating to those matters.

Files of *The Fort Dodge Sentinel* in 1857-8, *The Northwest*, *The Messenger*, and *The Spirit Lake Beacon*, in later years, have preserved many items and facts relating to the Massacre and the Expedition.

Hon. Rodney A. Smith of Okoboji has written a history of Dickinson county, which will doubtless be published during the coming year. He was a pioneer settler and a soldier in the Expedition, and therefore wrote of things he saw and in which he bore a part. We have read some of the advance sheets and we believe it promises to be a valuable work.

In 1894-5 the State erected a monument at Lake Okoboji, where the Massacre began. The inscriptions on this monument contain what has been characterized as "almost a history" of the whole affair. These are copied in an article in this 3d series of THE ANNALS, Vol. II, pp. 69-73.

Gov. James W. Grimes wrote letters to our U. S. Senators and to the authorities at Washington some time before the outbreak of hostilities, asking that the General Government take immediate steps for the protection of our exposed frontiers. Little or no attention was paid to his reiterated requests, and so, when the Indians resorted to hostilities, our Iowa border was wholly without protection. (See ANNALS, Vol. II, pp. 627-30, and Vol. III, pp. 135-37.) Had the earnest appeals of Gov. Grimes been heeded, the Spirit Lake Massacre would not have occurred. What made this neglect appear more stupidly and wickedly cruel was the fact

that in those days the catching of runaway negroes, under the infamous fugitive slave law, was rife in the land, and detachments of the federal army, or vessels of the U. S. Navy, could be readily secured to return a slave to his master. Henry Wilson's "Rise and Fall of the Slave Power," and the "Life of Anthony Burns," fully confirm these statements.

"The Tragedy at Minnewaukon" is the title of the concluding article in "John Brown among the Quakers and Other Sketches," a neat little volume by Hon. Irving B. Richman, of Muscatine (Des Moines, 1895), which may be found in most Iowa libraries. This is a clearly written and most interesting history of the massacre and the causes which led to it, including an account of the captivity of Miss Abbie Gardner, the present Mrs. Sharp, who was so largely instrumental in securing the erection of the beautiful monument at Lake Okoboji.

The Midland Monthly (Des Moines, Iowa), Vol. IV, contains two valuable illustrated articles on the Massacre and the Expedition. One of these was by Ex Gov. C. C. Carpenter, pp. 17-31; the other by Mrs. Abbie Gardner Sharp, pp. 32-39.

AUTOGRAPHS OF JULIEN DUBUQUE.

There is not in all probability a scrap of the handwriting of this old miner and Indian trader within the limits of this State, notwithstanding he left his name so prominently identified with our early settlements. It has been believed by those who have thought upon the subject that the papers of the Chouteau family of St. Louis would be found to contain many letters or other business papers in Dubuque's handwriting, and historical collectors have been looking forward to the proposed division of those documents among the northwestern states, in the belief that much valuable information would be brought to light. Letters by this "first white man who lived in what is now the State of Iowa," would be both interesting and valuable. Several weeks ago the Editor of THE ANNALS called upon Colonel Pierre

Chouteau at his office in St. Louis, for the purpose of learning what prospects we have of securing a share of these valuable papers. We learned with regret that it is not at all flattering. In fact, these documents are likely to be retained permanently in St. Louis. A project is now on foot in that city to celebrate the centennial of the Louisiana Purchase, not by an exposition, but by a meeting of representative people, in 1903, from all of the states into which that territory was divided. As one result of this meeting it is expected that a western historical association will be organized with its headquarters in St. Louis. In that case, these Chouteau papers will not be distributed among the northwestern states, as was announced a year or so since, but will be arranged for permanent preservation and turned over to this proposed historical association, as a part of its archives. In the work of arranging the details of this great centennial the Hon. Fred W. Lehman, late of Des Moines, will take a prominent part, and certainly the West does not contain a man better informed or more competent for such an undertaking. But while the writer was in the office of Colonel Chouteau he was shown a business paper in the French language, which bore in two places the signatures of "Aug. Chouteau"—one of the founders of the city of St. Louis, and the head of the greatest business organization of early times in the West—and "J. Dubuque." We believe this is the first time that any Iowa man now living has seen a scrap of Dubuque's handwriting. The chance that Iowa will obtain any paper written or signed by the old pioneer depends upon whether another is found. It is likely, however, that there are others—though the existence among the Chouteau papers of letters by Dubuque is doubtful—and in case there are, one certainly will come to our Historical Department.

ORIGIN AND SIGNIFICATION OF THE WORD "DES MOINES."

In the present number of THE ANNALS the reader will find a very interesting article from the pen of Dr. Charles R. Keyes, in which he presents a highly plausible theory of the

origin and signification of the name of one of our counties, our largest river, and our capital city. These questions have puzzled historical students ever since the term grew into its present application. Dr. Keyes shows how it came about that "the river Des Moines" was thought to mean "the river of the monks." What he believes it did and does signify he sets forth very lucidly. The article is illustrated with three maps which are especially worthy of study and preservation in Iowa libraries. The original copy of the large one was presented to the Historical Department by the Rev. Father Philip Laurent, of Muscatine, after Dr. Keyes had written his article. Many years since, while on a visit to France, Father Laurent secured seven copies of this map, of which this was the only one left in his possession. It certainly possesses great interest, as showing the condition of geographical knowledge at the time it was made, aside from happily illustrating this important article.

THE HISTORICAL BUILDING.

In the last ANNALS we presented a fine cut of the proposed edifice, giving a statement of the progress which had been made looking to its erection. Since that article was written the work has been put under contract and operations begun. At this writing (Sept. 15) the excavations for the foundation are nearly completed, and the laying of the brick walls will soon be commenced. There are three separate contracts for the work. That for the excavations was let to J. M. Stewart of Des Moines; the plumbing and heating was awarded to the Davenport Steam Heating Company; and that for the erection of the structure to the Capital City Brick and Pipe Company—the latter represented by J. B. McGorrisk. The Executive Council decided that Le Grand stone should be used for the outside, and Fort Dodge stucco for inside plastering. But for the war the contracts would have been let several months ago; but everything has come around at last and work will doubtless go on as fast as the weather will permit. The building is to be completed by October 1, 1899.

UNPUBLISHED LETTER BY GOV. JAMES CLARKE.

William B. Conway, the first Secretary of Iowa Territory, died in November, 1839. President Van Buren appointed as his successor, James Clarke, at that time editor of the newspaper which he had established in July, 1837, under the name of *The Wisconsin Territorial Gazette and Burlington Advertiser*—the lineal predecessor of *The Burlington Gazette* of the present time. He filled the office until 1841, when the Whig President, Harrison, appointed in his place O. W. H. Stull. On the 18th of November, 1845, President Polk appointed Mr. Clarke Governor of the Territory, in place of John Chambers. He held the office until the following November. A Constitution for the State having been formed by the second Convention called for that purpose, and adopted by the people at the general election held on the 3d of August, he issued a proclamation designating the 30th of November for the meeting of the State Legislature. On the 2d of December he delivered his message to our First General Assembly, when, retiring from the office, he was succeeded by Ansel Briggs, the first Governor of the State of Iowa. Resuming his newspaper business in 1848, he lived until July 28, 1850, when he died from cholera, at the early age of thirty-eight years.*

It was while he was Secretary of the Territory that he wrote the following letter to Gen. George W. Jones, who was then Surveyor-General of the Northwest territory. This letter is interesting and valuable as showing the condition of the territorial finances, and how the sparsely populated territory leaned upon Congress for the payment of its running expenses:

BURLINGTON, MAY 6, 1840.

MY DEAR SIR:—Supposing, from your extensive acquaintance with the members of Congress, that you might have it in your power to do me a very great favor, by exerting your influence in obtaining the passage of the appropriation to meet the arrearages in the expenses of the last Iowa Legislature; and being well convinced of your disposition to serve me, I sit down to make a brief but correct statement of the real situation of matters, in order that you may be in possession of all the facts connected with the subject.

*The facts given above we have gleaned from a biographical sketch of Gov. James Clarke, by Rev. Dr. William Salter, which appeared in "The Iowa Historical Record" for January, 1888.

Congress, at its last session, appropriated $20,750 to defray the expenses of our Legislative Assembly. The actual expenditures of the Legislature amounted, as can be seen by reference to the appropriation bill, to nearly $34,000; thus exhibiting an indebtedness on the part of the Territory to various individuals of about $14,000. The pay of the members and officers amounted to about $17,000, which left in my hands, to be applied to the various other objects of expenditure, less than $4,000. The members and officers, therefore, have all been paid; while the printing, amounting to some five or six thousand dollars, the stationery, house rent and furniture, fuel, wages of mechanics for work on building, &c., is all unpaid. I have transmitted three copies of the appropriation bill to Washington, viz., one to the Secretary of the Treasury, one to Mr. Jones, Chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, and one to Chapman.* By calling on either of the above named, you can most probably get a sight of it, should you feel desirous to do so. The appropriation of last year was entirely too small, even with the aid of the most rigid system of economy. I am no advocate for extravagance; but on the other hand would much regret to see the real interests of the community sacrificed to a false and niggardly notion of economy. Our expenses last year were but very little, if any more than the average cost of the different territories for several years past. If proper exertion is used, by those whose especial duty it is to attend to it, I think there can be no doubt but that the appropriation will be made. No man will vote against it who properly understands it. Please, therefore, if your engagements will permit, take some pains to explain it to members individually. A deep personal interest in the result makes me exceedingly anxious to hear of the issue.

No news—the Convention still popular. Write to me at an early day —remember. Truly and sincerely, your friend,

JAMES CLARKE.

A WORD TO SOME FRIENDS.

It is a pleasure to state that we have in hand quite a number of choice articles for THE ANNALS, covering many fields of Iowa History and including several biographical sketches. In the matter of making these contributions we have been met by much liberality, for which we are deeply grateful. But the publication of much of this material must inevitably be delayed many months. Our periodical appears only four times a year, and ordinarily contains but eighty pages. It is therefore impossible to present these articles with any greater rapidity than like contributions have appeared heretofore. But every one will be carefully preserved, with a view to its publication at as early a day as practicable. We have felt it incumbent upon us to make this explanation, to account for any seeming neglect or delay, and to crave the continued patience of our friends.

*This reference is to the Honorable W. W. Chapman, delegate in Congress from Iowa Territory, in the Twenty-fifth and Twenty-sixth Congresses. He removed to Portland, Oregon, many years ago, and died there October 9, 1892.

NOTABLE DEATHS.

CYRUS CLAY CARPENTER came to Iowa a poor young man, literally without a dollar. He was self-educated and made his own way in the world. He arrived at Fort Dodge, where he spent the years of his mature life, in 1854. His connection with the Spirit Lake Expedition as set forth by himself is given elsewhere in our pages. He also served as captain and commissary of subsistence through the civil war. Aside from filling many lesser places of honor and trust, he easily and quite by a natural succession of events rose to the Governorship of the State, serving also four years in Congress. Of modest and retiring manners, and never given to pushing aggressively his own interests in the direction of public office, his various honors came to him because of the thorough confidence of the people in his integrity. Aside from a personality which at once commanded confidence and affectionate regard, which he never lost, he was a man of genuine ability, of large information and a philosophic thinker. His limited facilities for acquiring an education, which, however, he had improved to the utmost, had been supplemented by wide and excellent reading. He always kept abreast with the ideas and knowledge of his time. If, in coming years, some patient historian shall make careful study of the development and progress of our laws and institutions he will learn that few if any of our statesmen have originally presented so many ideas which have become crystalized in the statutes of our State. He also originated much excellent legislation while in congress. He doubtless appears at his best in his two inaugural addresses, wherein he outlines his own theories and suggests new departures from what had gone before. These documents are excellent reading even yet, showing as they do the trend of his thought, his grasp of great principles and his courage in meeting grave and unexpected emergencies. His political life had closed some years before his death, but he still retained a keen interest in public affairs. Our pages have contained abundant evidence of his ability and versatility as a writer. In this field of usefulness he expected to do much more work. There were several men, especially some soldiers of the civil war, of whose patriotic and heroic services he wished to make a permanent record. He knew much relating to early Iowa, and in this direction his writings possessed great value. What he might and doubtless would have accomplished in these directions can not now be done by any other hand. It is a sad loss when the recollections and experience of such a man fade into oblivion. It only remains for those who knew and appreciated this illustrious citizen to perpetuate his memory and profit by his example. There was nothing in his career to which his friends can now look with regret, unless it be that a man so pure and able, and whose life was so wholly blameless and unselfish, was not even more highly honored. It is probable that THE ANNALS will hereafter contain a sketch of his life which may in some measure do justice to his memory and public services. Gov. Carpenter was born at Harford, Susquehanna county, Pennsylvania, November 24, 1829. He died at Fort Dodge, Iowa, May 29, 1898.

DAVID NELSON RICHARDSON was born at Orange, Orange county, Vermont, March 10, 1832; he died at his summer cottage in Groton, Vermont, July 4, 1898. In this death our State loses another distinguished citizen of the same noble type as Gov. Carpenter. Much the same characteristics shone brightly in both of these men. Mr. Richardson and his surviving brother were widely regarded as the most successful newspaper publishers in Iowa. They were for the most part with the minority in politics, and their success was due to their untiring energy, honorable dealing, sound judgment and excellent business management, the result of which was that they ac-

quired a generous fortune. While he never sought public office the subject of this notice became one of the best known Iowans. For a quarter of a century he was regarded as the peer of governors and statesmen. He was always foremost in advocating such measures as would improve the libraries and schools, promote the public health, and the rational comfort and prosperity of the people of Davenport, where he lived for more than forty years. Through the columns of his ably-edited journal he exerted himself to spread these blessings everywhere. He was many years one of the Regents of the State University, giving his best energies to extending the scope of its usefulness. It was one of his highest aspirations that Iowa should possess a University second to none in the country. Much of its development was due to his earnest and judicious labors. It was conceded that no other man among its friends could wield an equal influence in securing favorable legislation. His latest public labor was as secretary of the Iowa Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument Commission. He held this position from the start, and in all questions which came before that body was without doubt its most influential member. He had traveled in many countries, and there were few great works of the kind which he had not seen or of which he did not possess some knowledge. This monument has been the subject of much adverse criticism, which we will not attempt to recapitulate here. If it has failed to meet the general expectation, and if it shall not be fully approved hereafter, it should be remembered that the plans of the Commission were interfered with by the legislature, so that responsibility for any failure in these directions cannot rest upon Mr. Richardson. That he performed his duties with rare intelligence, in a spirit of the highest patriotism, and with an ambition to make this one of the grandest works of its kind in the nation, no one who knew this excellent man has ever doubted. Believing that it was justly his due that the story of the monument should be told by himself, as he would wish it to be read and understood in the future, we gave him a cordial invitation as he was leaving his home for the last time, to write it out for these pages. But for his rapid decline and lamented death we are confident he would have told the story—perhaps only for posthumous publication—of the Iowa Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument. It is greatly to be regretted that he was not spared to perform this act of justice to himself and his fellow-members of the Commission. For the Historical Department he ever manifested the sincerest friendship. If a thought occurred to him anywhere, which might result to its advantage, he communicated it by letter at once. He often called at the rooms in the capitol, where his presence was hailed with delight. It is a pleasure now and here to bear this testimony to his unfailing friendship and valuable assistance. Perhaps Mr. Richardson's ability can be better measured by his delightful book of travel—"A Girdle Round the Earth." There would seem to be no end to works of this kind, but with the rarest exceptions their existence is ephemeral. Mr. Richardson's, however, has enjoyed a wide and growing popularity and is still in demand. It is his own best monument and bids fair to have a long life. *The Democrat* of July 10 contained an eloquent eulogy of Mr. Richardson, from the facile pen of Mr. B. F. Tillinghast, one of his long-time editorial associates, together with tributes to his memory by B. H. Barrows, Miss Alice French (Octave Thanet), ex-Govs. Horace Boies and William Larrabee, H. A. Burrell, M. M. Ham, R. P. Clarkson and P. M. Crapo. These are so appreciative, so just to a precious memory, that they deserve a more permanent place than the columns of a daily newspaper.

LANDON HAMILTON, one of the early citizens of Des Moines, died there June 16, 1898, aged eighty-one years. Mr. Hamilton was born in Loudoun county, Virginia. When eighteen years of age he left home and started out for

himself, going to western Ohio. From early youth he developed a great love for nature and this taste was gratified and fostered by his life on the western frontier. His habits of close observation and years devoted to hunting, fishing and trapping, gave him a wonderfully intimate acquaintance with animal life. In 1840 he removed to the then territory of Iowa where Indians and wild game abounded. In 1854 he came to Des Moines, then a small village, and was for some years following chiefly occupied in fur-buying, making many trips along the Des Moines from the town to the source of the river. In this business he accumulated a modest fortune. He was without family ties, and upon retiring from active business led the life of a recluse, devoting his time to the study of natural history and the collecting of specimens. As early as 1846 he kept a sporting book in which entries were made of the game killed from year to year. At the time of his death he owned probably the largest private museum in Iowa. This contains almost the complete fauna of the State, relics of the mound builders, minerals and fossils. By the terms of his will this valuable collection becomes, with many provisions, the property of the State, and it is expected that it will find a permanent home in the historical building now in process of erection.

Gen. Caleb Hoskins Booth, one of the leading citizens of Dubuque, after a residence of sixty-two years, died in that city June 19, 1898. He was born December, 1814, in Chester, Pennsylvania, his ancestors being Quakers. After receiving an excellent classical and legal education he came west while Iowa still remained part of Michigan territory, reaching Dubuque, then a small mining camp, July 3, 1836. During a long career his business interests have been wide and varied. In early days he was engaged in lead mining and smelting; later he turned his attention to milling, shot manufacture, banking and railroad interests. He brought the first steam engine into Dubuque. He invented the Booth Dredge Pump, which has been widely used in engineering and railroad work. Gen. Booth was elected the first mayor of Dubuque, in 1841; he was a member of the Territorial Assembly that convened in 1841 in Iowa City; during the administrations of Presidents Polk and Taylor he was surveyor-general of the land district including the states of Iowa, Wisconsin and Minnesota. He was elected to the Fourteenth General Assembly as a member of the House of Representatives. Gen. Booth as early as 1848 helped to found the Episcopal Church at Dubuque. He was also one of the oldest Masons in the State, having joined the Dubuque Lodge in 1843.

Right Rev. William Stevens Perry of Davenport, Bishop of Iowa, and eminent as a theologian, scholar and writer, died in Dubuque, Iowa, May 13, 1898, aged sixty-six years. Bishop Perry was a recognized leader in the Episcopal Church of his own country and of England as well. On one of his numerous visits to the mother country he was presented to the Queen and had the honor of addressing the Lambeth conference. Born in Providence, Rhode Island, January 22, 1832, he was educated in Brown University and later, in 1854, graduated at Harvard. He preached for several years in the east, and occupied for a time the chair of history in Hobart College. In 1868 he was appointed historiographer of the Episcopal Church in America. In 1876 he was elected Bishop of Iowa, in which capacity he was serving at the time of his death. He was a man of distinguished appearance and of recognized ability in many lines. He was a member of many ancestral societies. Honorary degrees had been conferred on him by seven prominent institutions of learning, including the University of Oxford, England, and Trinity College, Dublin. He ordained over one hundred persons to the ministry and consecrated between fifty and sixty churches. His writings are numerous and although chiefly con-

fined to church history he expressed himself ably on miscellaneous subjects, notably kindness to animals.

COL. ROBERT SMYTH was born in Ireland, February 26, 1814, and died in Mount Vernon, Iowa, April 3, 1898, at the age of eighty-four. His ancestors were among the Scotch Covenanters who fled to Ireland at a time of persecution. In 1834 he came to this country, where he first obtained employment as a field hand. As early as 1840 he removed to the Territory of Iowa, walking from Bloomington (now Muscatine) to Linn county. Eventually he became an extensive real estate owner in that county. In later years he went into the law and banking business. For most of the time from 1852 to 1866 he resided in Marion and was very prominent in political circles. He was the first postmaster of Franklin township; was township clerk for several years; was a member of the Sixth Territorial Legislature, 1843-'44; a member of the First General Assembly, 1846, which held an extra session in 1848; a senator in the Twelfth and Thirteenth General Assemblies, and he was again elected a member of the House in 1884. During the war he was paymaster in the United States army and receipted during that time for more than ten million dollars.

HON. EZEKIEL CLARK died at his home in Iowa City June 26, 1898, aged eighty-one years. He had figured prominently in the history of the State for over fifty years, having a wide reputation as a financier. His services to Gov. Kirkwood (whose wife was his sister) in raising funds for the war of the rebellion, were invaluable. The Governor's indebtedness to him was freely acknowledged. He is also credited with being the originator of the idea of issuing greenbacks. During the financial crisis of 1873 it was due to his firmness and energy that his own bank and many others came safely through the ordeal. Mr. Clark was born in Pennsylvania January 17, 1817. He first visited Iowa in 1849 and the following year located in Iowa City. He has ever since been active in many enterprises, especially coal mining, milling and banking. He was a member of the State senate during the Tenth, Eleventh, Sixteenth and Seventeenth General Assemblies, and served for some time as treasurer of the State University.

JUDGE JAMES GAMBLE DAY died suddenly at his home in Des Moines May 1, 1898. He was an eminent jurist. Judge Day was born in Jefferson county, Ohio, June 28, 1832, of English descent. He graduated from the law school at Cincinnati in 1857 and came immediately to Iowa, locating in Afton, Union county. He afterwards removed to Sidney, Fremont county. He enlisted in the civil war, becoming a lieutenant of Co. F, 15th Iowa infantry and was afterwards promoted to captain of Co. I. He was wounded at Shiloh and obliged to leave the service. In 1862 he was elected judge of the 3d judicial district and retained that position until 1870 when he resigned to succeed George G. Wright as judge of the supreme court. He was a member of the supreme bench for a period of thirteen years and was three times chief justice.

REV. FATHER LOUIS DE CAILLY, a pioneer priest of this State, was instantly killed by a train while driving in his buggy near Fort Madison, Iowa, July 11, 1898. Father De Cailly was well known and beloved throughout the State as a thorough student and a broad-minded, liberal man. He was born in Lyons, France, in 1832. In 1847 he came to America and located in Dubuque, Iowa. During long years of faithful service he has promoted the interests of Catholicism in this State, having held charges in Dubuque, Des Moines, Davenport, Keokuk and Fort Madison. As early as 1855 he was located for a time in Des Moines, where with great foresight he purchased for $600 the property now valued by St. Ambrose Church at

$50,000. He was a nephew of Bishop Loras, first Bishop of Dubuque, and had written his biography which was in press at the time of his death.

CAPT. CHARLES A. L. ROSZELL, a prominent lawyer of Clarksville, Iowa, died in that place February 2, 1898. He was born in Alabama, Genesee county, New York, March 25, 1833. In 1860 he removed west and settled in Clarksville. When the war of the rebellion broke out he raised a company which was mustered in as Co. G, 32d Iowa Infantry. This regiment saw active service throughout the war and took part in many noted battles. He was one of the regiment's most efficient officers. At the close of the war Capt. Roszell returned to Clarksville and to his interrupted business, the practice of law. He was chosen as a Representative from Butler county in the Fifteenth General Assembly.

JAMES M. BYERS, a pioneer of Mahaska county, was born in Mercer county, Pennsylvania, February 12, 1814; he died at Oskaloosa, Iowa, July 24, 1898, aged eighty-five years. His father was a soldier in the revolutionary war and also in the war of 1812. Mr. Byers came to Iowa in 1851, and in 1853 located in Oskaloosa, where he opened the first coal mine in that vicinity, now a great center for the coal-mining industry. He has been identified with the interests of Oskaloosa for forty-five years and has filled different offices of local importance. Mr. Byers was first married to a grand-niece of Chief Justice Marshall, mother of Major S. H. M. Byers, the well known Iowa poet.

SAMUEL BEESON, one of the pioneers of Marshall county, died at Liscomb, Iowa, July 5, 1898, nearly eighty-three years of age. He was born in Ohio, November 9, 1815, of Quaker parentage. In 1854 he removed to Marshall county, where he has since resided. He had been an influential citizen. He held the position of Chairman of the Board of Supervisors and again Justice of the Peace. He served his country in the civil war and suffered in the prison at Andersonville. Mr. Beeson had lived sixty-one years with the wife who survives him. His son, Gen. Byron A. Beeson, served two terms as State Treasurer.

GEN. GEORGE W. CLARK, who served as colonel of the 34th Iowa infantry during the rebellion, died in Washington, D. C., May 22, 1898, where he had for many years resided. Gen. Clark was a native of Indiana, having been born in Johnson county December 26, 1833. He came to Iowa in 1854 and located at Indianola. After the war he removed to Des Moines and lived there until about 1868 when he removed to Washington. He was a popular officer and his death was sincerely mourned by the surviving members of his command.

MRS. ANNA PRICE DILLON, wife of Hon. John F. Dillon, one of the most distinguished judges of the supreme court of this State (1863-1870), was lost by the sinking of the French steamship Bourgogne, July 4, 1898. Mrs. Dillon was the daughter of Hon. Hiram Price, of Davenport, who served several years as a member of Congress from this State, and as Commissioner of Indian Affairs. Her married daughter, Mrs. Anne Dillon-Oliver, perished with her mother in the same terrible disaster. Mrs. Dillon was about sixty years of age.

HON. JOSEPH A. EDWARDS of Iowa City died August 5, 1898. He was born in Putman county, Illinois, September 1, 1845. Although very young when the war broke out, he enlisted in Co. B, 139th Illinois infantry, and served until near the close of the war. He graduated in 1873 from the law department of the state university and commenced practice in Iowa City. His legal career was one of unusual brilliancy and success. In 1897 he represented Johnson county in the State legislature.

Historical Department of Iowa.

TRUSTEES:

GOVERNOR LESLIE M. SHAW,
CHIEF JUSTICE H. E. DEEMER,
JUDGE G. S. ROBINSON,
JUDGE C. T. GRANGER,
JUDGE JOSIAH GIVEN,
JUDGE SCOTT M. LADD,
JUDGE C. M. WATERMAN,
HON. GEORGE L. DOBSON, Secretary of State,
HON. R. C. BARRETT, Supt. Public Instruction.

CHARLES ALDRICH, CURATOR AND SECRETARY.

This new Department was established by act of the Legislature of 1892 for the promotion of historical collections pertaining to Iowa and the Territory from which our State was established.

The Historical Rooms are in the basement story of the State House, are fire-proof, and will be a safe depository for valuable books, files of newspapers, pamphlets, manuscripts, maps, portraits and articles of value, illustrative of the history and progress of our State and its people.

Here it is desired to collect:

1st. A copy of all documents, papers or pamphlets, letters or manuscripts, relating to early settlements in any part of Iowa.

2d. Well authenticated facts relating to the naming of any of the lakes, rivers, counties, cities and chief towns of Iowa, stating the origin, signification, and authors of such names.

3d. Personal narratives; the biographies of men or women who were among the early settlers in any part of Iowa, giving details of all facts of public interest, incidents of pioneer life, etc.

4th. Copies of old Iowa newspapers, files of such papers up to the close of the War of the Rebellion; letters written by soldiers during the war; incidents connected with the organization of Iowa regiments, batteries or companies.

5th. Letters, diaries, commissions of officers, newspaper articles in war times, histories of companies and regiments, arms or equipments used in any of the wars, battle flags, etc.

6th. The names, date of establishment, and brief histories of Academies, Seminaries, Colleges and Universities in Iowa. Names of founders, and of all principals and presidents, and dates of terms of service. *Catalogues and other publications.*

7th. Send to the Historical Department the stone axes, hatchets, mauls, pestles, arrow and spear heads, and not allow them to be wasted by scattering them elsewhere.

8th. We desire especially arms, household implements, or ornaments in use among any of the Indian tribes which have at any time inhabited Iowa; also recollections of the Iowa Indians by any of the pioneer white settlers.

9th. Photographs or engravings of public buildings of Iowa or Western historic places, and drawings, paintings or portraits relating in any way to Iowa or Iowa people.

10th. In short we wish to collect copies of all circulars, pamphlets, political speeches, lectures, sermons, books or manuscripts referring to Iowa or the West, or prepared by Iowa men or women on any subject at any time or any place.

Owners of rare documents or valuable relics who do not wish to dispose of them, may be willing to deposit them in our fire-proof rooms where they will be secure from loss or destruction and carefully preserved, with the name of the owner attached, subject to withdrawal at any time.

We solicit from historical societies or similar organizations copies of their publications, and will cheerfully reciprocate such favors. We also respectfully solicit from authors and publishers of Western history or biography copies of their works for our Historical Library.

All communications and contributions should be addressed to the Historical Department, Des Moines, Iowa.

be retu

THE ANNALS OF IOWA.

The publication of this magazine was resumed in April, 1893, after a suspension of several years, by the Historical Department of Iowa.

In order to facilitate the collection and preservation of materials for Iowa history and biography, it is necessary to provide for the publication from time to time, of such manuscript narratives and recollections as may be procured by this Department.

No better or more popular method of placing such contributions within reach of the people of the State has been suggested than through a magazine published quarterly for that purpose.

Each issue of the ANNALS will contain not less than eighty pages, with one or more portraits of prominent Iowa men or women; and such other illustrations as can be procured, to add to the interest of historical and biographical sketches.

We especially invite contributions relating experiences and adventures of Iowa soldiers in the War of the Rebellion; histories of Iowa regiments, and any facts pertaining to the four years' war, that have not yet been published. Very few histories of Iowa regiments have yet appeared, and we especially urge upon the surviving soldiers that arrangements be made without delay to secure a good history of each of the fifty-seven Iowa regiments and four batteries. The numbers for two years will make a valuable book of at least 640 pages, and place these Iowa war records where they will be preserved for all time, while many of the actors in the great tragedy of the nineteenth century are living to furnish them.

We also cordially solicit the survivors of pioneer days to contribute their recollections of early times. Narratives relating to the first settlements in every part of the State furnish most valuable materials for history.

THE ANNALS OF IOWA will be printed in style suitable for binding, and the subscription price is one dollar per year, or twenty-five cents a single number. Public libraries and educational institutions will find in this work historical material that will be of especial interest to young people who desire correct information relating to Iowa and its past. Subscriptions and communications should be addressed to the Historical Department, Des Moines, Iowa.

Stanford University Libraries
3 6105 013 896 605